Outcast

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Outcast

by dandelion_wishes

Summary

Will goes to a crime scene and is attacked. When he wakes up he is in an alternate universe. He finds out he is an omega and nobody knows him.

This set in season 2 after Will is out of prison.

Notes

This is un beta. All mistakes are mine.Of course I don't anything.
This is my first fanfic and I will be updating the tags as I go.
The story starts out in our universe and when he wakes up he is in the A/B/O universe.
Omegas have some freedoms but generally taken care of by their alphas.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

> Hello all! I have updated this story with the edits of the fabulous Eridanie. Who has volunteered their time to do so. Any mistakes are mine. Thanks!

Will Graham stood behind the crumbling structure that could have been someone's home. His breath curled into white mist as he exhaled a sigh.

"Hadn't this place seen enough death and destruction?" The profiler thought.

The multiple homicides were located at an abandon compound of a cult known as 'Heaven's Gate'. They went out with a proverbial bang, when the FBI had come to take the children out of there.

Will shivered in his tawny wool coat and maroon scarf. He closed his blue eyes and took a breath through his nose to let his mind settle. He heard the crunch of footsteps behind him.

Will turned his wind chafed stubbled face toward the sound. "Hey! You need to leave until I'm finished!" He snapped. 'Will these people never learn!' he groused in this head.

Will's eyes flew open. He had felt a burning, stinging sensation that took his breath away. Will saw a woman, with wild green eyes, looking up at him, he was several inches taller than her. Her hair looked greasy. It was so tangled it looked like a 'rat's nest', as his daddy would call it. In her blood soaked hands was a long slender knife. The knife was embedded just underneath Will's ribs.

Will's face contorted into a grimace of pain. His head of chocolate curls began to shake, as his knees buckled. He felt the knife catch on his ribs, forcing the knife upwards as he fell. The woman had not removed or released her grip on the knife. As Will fell to his left side his eyes closed and he felt cold.

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It was hot as hell today. This is the hottest summer in Baltimore in years. Jack Crawford, head of Behavioral Science of the FBI and an alpha, wipes the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand. He feels weighed down with heat and humidity as he walks over to the crime scene.

‘I bet this is going to smell lovely.’ He thinks.

Behind the crumbling structure there are several bodies lying throughout the tall brown and green grass. Most of the bodies had been mutilated and are in various states of decay. There was one, however, that is fully intact.

One of the forensic team, Jimmy Price, a beta, is leaning over the body of a white male. He looks to be in his thirties with brunette hair. He has the delicate features of an Omega but with facial hair. It is strange, Jack muses, because most male Omegas do not grow facial hair. As Jack looks over at the other bodies, he notices they were either nude or the clothing was summery. This body, is not only not mutilated but dressed for winter.

“What do we have here?” Jack asks.

“We have a several mutilated bodies and one frozen one.” Replies Price.” The M.E. couldn’t get a liver temp because he’s solid.”

Brian Zeller, an alpha, chimed in “We think the frozen one is an Omega. He is starting to thaw out; you can kinda smell the scent. Brian crinkles his nose. "The other victims, we think they are alphas and betas.”

A gentle wind rustles through the trees and moves the grass lazily. The smell of death circulates. Jack wipes his brow and sighs.

Beverly Katz, another alpha of the forensic team, walks up to the small group. “Wow!” she said looking at the omega. “What a shame! He was beautiful.” Beverly tilts her head, her raven hair falling to the side as squats down to get a better look.

“Do you think the other victims where frozen and then mutilated?” She asks.

“We won’t know until we get the parts back and tested.” Answers Jimmy. “Hey Jack!” yelled Brian. Jack breaks out of his trance from staring at the ‘odd’ body. “What!?”

“Did you call Dr. Lecter? He’s here.” Brian states.

“Good.” Jack mentally shakes himself and heads toward the yellow tape.

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“Dr. Lecter” booms Jack as he approaches the tall alpha. ‘How is he wearing a three piece suit out here?’ He wonders.

Dr. Hannibal Lecter stands erect and still as Jack approaches. His presence owns the space he occupies. He is wearing a light linen suit, robin’s eye blue shirt with a patterned tie to match. His gelled dirty blond hair is unaffected by the wind rustling through the trees. Dr. Lecter nods his head once toward Jack in acknowledgement.

“Hello Agent Crawford. Do you think the Ripper has struck again?” He asks. Lecter wonders why he is here. He is only consulting on the Ripper’s cases. He knows this isn't his artwork. The area is too remote.

Jack shakes his head. “Sorry they may have jumped the gun on this one. It is unusual but it doesn't look like a Ripper murder.”

“If you don’t mind, could you look anyway? It may speed things along, with your insight...” Jack pauses in mid sentence.

A yell, no a scream comes from behind the structure. Jack and Hannibal run towards the building. They come to a sudden stop. There sitting up is the frozen omega. His brow is furrowed in confusion as he looks up at Beverly. Beverly stands in front of him. Her shaking hand is resting on her mouth. Her eyes are wide in shock and panic. Jimmy Price stands beside her, his mouth hangs open. His eyes are wide with his hand resting on Beverly's arm.

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Will feels an ache where the knife had gone in. He feels incredibly hot and confined. He groans as he sits up. He pushes his glasses up further on his nose out of habit. Will's other hand pulls at the scarf around his neck. He hears a female scream. Will jerks back and catches himself on his hands before he falls backward. His eyes tentatively travel up until his eyes meet Beverly's.

The alpha jumps up and away from him. Her hand flies up to her mouth.

Out of the corner of his eye Will sees movement. He flinches away, only to see Price stumble back toward Beverly. His eyes are wide in horror.

Will's blue gray eyes try to focus on his surroundings. The area is green and the air hot. 'Wasn't it winter? 'Am I in heaven?' he thinks.

Will looks at Beverly. His breath hitches and he feels a sob rise to his throat. Tears welled up in his eyes, clinging to long dark lashes. "Beverly." He quietly whispered. "Are you alive or am I dead?" Will choked.

Will's mind couldn't grasp what he was feeling. He felt so emotional. Like he was about to lose control and start crying. He could usually hold it together better. 'What is wrong with me? Must be the shock.' He rationalizes.

Will begins to shake and tremble. Beverly lets her hand drop to her side. She looks at the trembling omega and her biology kicks into over drive. She steps slowly toward Will and releases pheromones to calm the omega down.

"We are both alive." She soothes. "What is your name, sweetie?" She quirks her mouth up to seem nonthreatening.

Will gives her a look that can only be described as incredulous. “What’s my name? C’mon Bev, we've worked together for at least a year.”

“Um, no we haven’t honey. They don’t let omegas work in the FBI and we've never met. But you do look familiar.” Beverly answers looking puzzled.

“Omega?” Will brings his hands around and moves to kneel so he can try to get off the ground. His head is bowed as he pauses to catch his breath.

Lecter and Jack have slowly walked toward the small group. Lecter keeps his eye on the omega. He smirks when he sees the omega kneel and bow his head in front of the female alpha. Such a pretty picture of submission he makes. Lecter takes a small breath in, trying not to alert Jack. He smells of musk, sweat, fear, dog hair, gardenia and chocolate. It is a heady collection of scents that speaks volumes about the unbound omega in front of them.

Will pushes himself up with a huff of air and looks at Beverly’s chin. “Omega, like in wolf packs? Well thanks Beverly! I know I’m an outcast but you don’t have to rub it in!” Will scowls as he teeters on his feet, trying to get his balance.

Beverly steps forward to catch Will’s elbow. “No..No! I’m not insulting you! I’m just stating what you are. There is no reason to be ashamed of being an omega. Without omegas there would be no one! You keep our species thriving!” She smiles.

“Maybe you should sit down. You've been through a trauma.” Price suggests, looking at Will with pity.

Will pulls his elbow out of Beverly’s grasp. He steps back and bumps into Lecter, who has come up behind him. Hannibal has his arms out in case he needs to catch the rocky omega. Will jumps and turns when he feels Hannibal’s presence behind him. He feels an impulse to run and hide behind Beverly. He takes a step in her direction but stops himself.

‘Interesting’ Hannibal thinks to himself. The omega had resisted the urge to flee and is holding his ground instead.

Will looks at Hannibal with a look of scorn. He rolls his eyes and speaks to Beverly, while still looking at Hannibal. “Are you trying to punk me?! It’s not funny. I also know all about the birds and bees. ’Fraid I’m all male.” He grunts.

“Then you know that male omegas can have children.” Hannibal says, curious to see Will’s reaction.

Will face breaks into a huge smile. He starts to giggle and then laughs out loud. Will holds his chest under his rib where he was stabbed. He shakes his head ruefully.

“That is almost as funny as when you said Jack thought of me as a delicate teacup Dr. Lecter” Will states.

Jack and Hannibal exchange looks. Jack asks, “Do you know him?” Hannibal looks from Jack to Will. “No. I have never met this omega.” With a look of shock on his face Will shouts, “It’s me Will Graham!”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Thanks for all kudos and lovely comments! I'm surprised and pleased that has captured interest.
>
> Enjoy!

“Okay...nice to meet you?” says Brian looking around.

Will sighs in exasperation, while scrubbing his hands under his eyeglasses and over his eyes and face. “Okay. Whatever. I’m...leaving.” Will grinds out. His jaw locked in frustration. He begins to unbutton his heavy wool coat with one hand, while pulling off the scarf with his other.

As Will opens his coat, Hannibal smells blood. His eyes dart to Will’s faded hunter green shirt. There is a blossoming of blood underneath the ribs on his left. What had started out as a steady trickle has started to gush. The smell in sweet and warm. Hannibal resists the urge to lick his lips.

“Where are you planning on going Will?” He asks.

Will looks up at Hannibal. His eyes briefly land on Lecter’s iron oxide colored eyes. He can feel his interest. Will decides to let his vision rest on Hannibal’s pocket square.

“I’m going home where I plan to hang out with my pack and get shit faced.” He murmurs.

By now, Jack and the team have noticed the blood running down his shirt. Jimmy states, “I think you need to go with the EMT’s first.”

Will turns towards him with an expectant look. “You’re bleeding, dude!” Brian finishes for Jimmy.

Will starts to shiver after taking off his coat. The shock finally settles in, with a push from the cool breeze. His hands drop the garments in reflex, his hands move up to hold his side. Will feels a whimper start low in his throat and steadily rises in volume. He's tries to control the whimper but he can't concentrate on his voice while shaking. The omega cry makes Jack turn on his heel and yell for the EMT's. Hannibal puts his arms under Will's, gently positioning him on the ground.

On the other side of the police line, two EMT's jump into action. They grab their gear. They jog over to where Will is sitting on the ground. Lecter is putting pressure on Will's side kneeling beside him.

Will's vision is tunneling and his hearing is muffled. He hears the EMT's speaking with Lecter. He feels someone lowering his body gently to the ground. Will sees green eyes and a concerned frown of lips. He realizes its Matthew Brown.

Will slams his head back in panic and feels a throbbing pain. "Whoa! Hey buddy it's going to be fine, don't panic" Matthew tries to soothe Will.

"Holy shit! Just stay away from me!" Will tries to sit up, only to be pushed back down by several pairs of hands. "How did you get out of jail?" Will groans out.

"Is there something I should know?" asks the other EMT. Matthew grins and shakes his head. He chuckles "Nothing that I'm aware of."

Will is struggling against the EMT's and Hannibal, as they try to assess his injury.

Mathew grabs Will's face and forces eye contact. "Sir! If you keep fighting us we are going to restrain you! Do you understand?"

Will stops struggling. "I'll sign a waiver. I refuse treatment!" He wheezes out.

He feels the blood rise to his throat and tastes it in his mouth. Will barely suppresses a cough. His blood clings to the edge of his lips. Hannibal's eyes dilate in hunger when he sees the blood. Will notices Hannibal's eyes the moment it happens. Will starts fighting again, pushing away from Lecter. He pulls his body toward Matthew.

“William! You can’t refuse treatment. You are injured and going to the hospital.” Lecter calmly states. Hannibal grabs Will's arms holding them down.

“Why!? I have rights! Or don’t omegas have rights?” Will growls back.

Matthew, a beta, lifts his eyebrows and looks at Hannibal sidelong. He tries not to smile. It’s not every day an omega talks like that to an alpha.

Hannibal looks at the other EMT. “You are going to have to sedate and restrain him.”

“Hey! Stop! Don’t you fucking touch me!” Will spits out like an angry cat. He is ignored while his sleeve is torn up the side and a sedative is injected. Will feels his wrists tied with velcro restraints to the side of the gurney. ‘When did that happen he thinks?’ Then everything fades to black.

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Will shifts uncomfortably on a bed. The sheets are scratchy, the bed is hard, and he smells disinfectant. ‘Hospital’ he concludes. He barely cracks his eyes. They feel crusty and heavy. He moves his head to the left. Will sees an IV pole and several bags. He moves his head to the right to see a dark skinned man sleeping next to him. He looks familiar. He attempts to remember through the haze of drugs. He recognizes him. It’s Tobias Budge!

‘That can’t be! Holy Fuck! Holy fuck! He’s fucking dead! Hannibal killed him!’ Panic swells deep in his chest. He starts to hyperventilate. The EKG and oxygen monitor sets off an ear piercing alarm, alerting the staff to his distress. It also wakes up Budge. Budge’s brow furrows in concern, his eyes showing worry.

“Will! You’re awake! Are you in pain? We were so worried about you!” He puts his hand on Will’s clammy forehead.

Will pulls out the IVs and pulls off the monitor strapped to his chest. He crashes out of bed as he tries to escape Budge. Budge comes around to the side Will has fallen out of. Will crawls as far under the bed as he can. He kicks at Tobias’s hands.

The nursing staff rushes into the room, followed by Lecter.

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While it takes three alpha orderlies and three beta nurses to get Will back into bed. Lecter pulls Budge outside the room. Both alphas bristle at each others presence, while watching Will fight the good fight. Lecter turns on the mask and introduces himself.

“I’m Dr. Hannibal Lecter. I was at the crime scene when Will was found.” “Oh, sorry! How rude of me. I am Tobias Budge, one of Will’s alpha sponsors.”

“Alpha sponsor?” Lecter’s mouth becomes a thin line. He recovers quickly looking unruffled. He is looking forward to getting to know William. This is a small hindrance.

“Will is an up and coming composer, as well as a violinist. Since he is unmated and unbound he has to have either an alpha or beta sponsor to look after him when he travels. Ms. Kimore is his main sponsor but she had to go out of town. He was staying with me for the weekend.” Tobias explains with a smile.

Hannibal thought William’s name had sounded familiar. Ms. Kimore had asked about throwing a dinner for him a month ago. Lecter remembers reading about the omega in an article last year. An omega whose new operas had inspired a new interest in the theater. William would only allow his operas to be performed, if he was there personally to guide casting, rehearsals, and stage planning. Ms. Kimore had talked about his very brash and independent nature.

“He’s brilliant but can be difficult to get along with. Artistic nature you know. We have been ‘courting’ him for months now, trying to convince him to let us perform one of his new operas. He’s finally agreed.” The beta socialite had smiled. Lecter could tell it was a coup for her, as he remembers the conversation.

Lecter clears his throat. “So William was in your charge when he was found stabbed at a crime scene.” Lecter projects a mask of calm but with an edge of smugness in his voice.

Budges eyes narrow and his smile tightens. His alpha pride has just been bitch slapped. “Yes and no, I was staying with him at Ms. Kimore’s house...”

“But you are an unbound and unmated alpha.” Interrupts Lecter pushing Tobias’s irritation further.

“That is correct, and normally Ms. Kimore would not have asked me to stay. William tends to be prickly about his independence being taken away. But he has been sleepwalking. She was afraid something would happen.”

‘Indeed it did.’ Thinks Lecter.

“I had a meeting that evening. I arrived late to Ms. Kimore’s house. I assumed William was asleep when I arrived. The clothes he had on were from that day. He was working with the staff at the opera house. I am...in the dark as to what really happened after that.” Sighs Tobias.

A nurse comes out of Will’s room. “We had to sedate him. I think it would be best if you both left for now. He needs his rest and no more cause for agitation.”

Lecter bows his head. “I can certainly agree with that. Could you please call me when he does wake up again? The FBI and I need to speak with him.” Hannibal asks. Throwing in the FBI will give him more authority to ask about Will.

“Certainly, doctor.” The nurse smiles.

Chapter 3

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Excerpt from the Omega Protection Act 1999

No Omega will be allowed to hold a position in law enforcement, military or any job that will put the Omega's health and fertility at risk. Omega's may enter support positions after being declared infertile, past the age of conception, and have written permission from their Alpha, physician, or government official of Omega Affairs.

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Hannibal has prepared dinner for Dr. Alana Bloom, an omega, who was his protégé at John Hopkins, as well as her alpha, Beverly Katz. The rude barista had been chewy but with time and patience Lecter had softened him up. Alana is a very attractive omega with long black hair and blue eyes. Her willingness to stand up for those without a voice had endeared her to Lecter. He had introduced her to Beverly after meeting Beverly on a case. Hannibal had liked the Asian alpha's dry wit and intellect. It also serves to keep him in constant contact with the FBI's investigations.

"This is so good, Hannibal!" Moans Alana.

There was a glint of pride in Lecter's smirk. "I am glad you are enjoying yourself."

"How's Will Graham doing?" Beverly asks between bites.

"Today, when I went to visit him, he had a violent reaction to an alpha sponsor of his. Tobias Budge. The staff had to sedate and restrain him."

"Wow! He is a spunky little omega!" Beverly laughs.

"Oh tell Hannibal what you found! I love his work as a musician so I gave her an article to read." Alana exclaims.

“Well, I got curious about Will Graham. So I did a background check. He was homicide detective in New Orleans before the Omega Protection Act. He had an impressive case closure rate. If he had been an alpha or beta Jack would have recruited him. Graham has an empathy disorder. He can put himself inside a killer’s mind and understand him. I would have loved to see him work!”

“I think I read somewhere that he uses it now to get inside the music and the composers feelings.” Added Alana. “Beverly told me has gender self-loathing?”

“Will seems to have dissociated himself from all second gender identity. Not only does he reject himself as an omega but seems to acknowledge only male or female genders for everyone.”

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Will wakes to the sound of the heart monitor. He feels cold and stretches for another blanket at the foot of the bed. The pull and pain on his left side stops him. He opens his eyes and looks around. Thankfully he is alone. ‘Now I can think about what is going on without a psycho looking at me.’ He thinks. If Budge is alive does that mean Garret Jacob Hobbs is alive? Could Abigail be alive? Maybe he could save her this time. Maybe she could live an almost normal life. Will contemplates this and feels a flutter of hope.

‘How did I get here? Where or when is here?’ He muses. ‘I wish I could access the Internet. I need to look at this Alpha/Omega thing. Could I be in a coma and have imagined this world to escape? But why would I imagine myself with a second gender? Do I want a child that badly?’ Will closes his eyes and imagines himself pregnant. The swell of his stomach, something kicking him from the inside. He shudders; his hand instinctually attempts to move to his stomach. He feels a tug on his wrist, keeping him from fully moving. He finds his wrists are tethered to the bed rail.

With his eyes closed, he tries to move his hand underneath the blanket. He moves his lower half next to one of his hands. Will can barely reach but he tentatively feels the gauze that is over his wound. His hand tries to move down to his groin area. He flips the blanket and his hospital gown up so he can look. He finds nothing missing or added. He breathes a sigh of relief.

He shimmies his shoulders a bit. One side of his hospital gown falls from his shoulder. Through a slit in the gown he can see down it, but again everything looks normal. Will feels eyes staring at him. He blushes to see Dr. Lecter standing in the doorway smirking at him.

Lecter's eyes take in the pink blush that spreads from Will's cheeks to his neck. His blue eyes look frightened at being caught in a vulnerable moment by a predator. The gown that has slipped past his shoulder accentuates the curve of his pale neck. Will's leg is exposed since the covers were tossed to one side. His soft chocolate curls are tussled with sleep. Will's omega scent is stronger from fighting, night terrors, and being unable to bathe. 'Beautiful' he thinks. Lecter's eyes dilate slightly. He can't wait to put his plan into action.

"Is everything there William?" He smiles.

"Just checking to make sure there are no other injuries" Will coughs and looks away.

"You seem to be uncovered. Let me assist you." Lecter purrs, as he moves toward the bed.

Lecter's fingers lightly brush the pale soft thigh as he pulls the blankets over to cover Will's leg. Will's body stiffens at the point of contact. Lecter seems not to notice. His fingers brush across the back of Will's shoulders. He reaches for the tie on the back of the gown. Lecter puts pressure on an omegan pressure point at the back of Will's neck. Will's eyes widen; his breath hitches as he gasps. Lecter moves the hand over to the tie. He ties them together.

"I don't think you need these anymore." He says as he moves to undo the Velcro restraints. He picks up Will's wrist and looks at his watch. Lecter watches Will's reaction to the pressure on another omegan pressure point. Will's eyes blink slowly.

"I feel strange." He whispers

"How so dear Will?" Lecter tilts his head in false concern.

“I feel sleepy and calm. That’s unusual for me.” He says, looking up at Lecter, baring his throat in a submissive gesture.

“It’s the omegan pressure points your body has. They ease anxiety.”

“Omegan pressure points?” Will asks.

“Yes. They are a biological feature of omegas that calm an omega’s natural anxiety.” Explains Hannibal.

“Do alpha’s have pressure points?” Will asks while looking at the door.

“Hmmm... no... alpha’s tend to have more confidence then there omegan counterparts.” Offers Hannibal as an explanation.

This dissociation is going to work in Hannibal’s favor. No matter who Will chooses to go home with, Hannibal could use the dissociation to persuade the staff to release Will to him. What better place for a delusional omega to make a full recovery then with a psychiatrist?

Lecter continues, as he walks to a chair by the window. “I have good news about your recovery. You seem to healing well. You are to be released in the next day or so. Now your options are these. Your beta sponsor Ms. Kimore will be out of the country for the next month, so you can stay with Tobias Budge, the Baltimore psychiatric hospital or me.”

Will shakes his head, as he frowns. “How about I go home and stay at my house with my dogs.”

“You live in Sugar Loaf Florida in an apartment.” Lecter informs him. Lecter had done some recent research on William Graham. Being an alpha psychiatrist had its perks.

“I do?” Will asks.

“Yes.”

“Let me guess, omega’s can’t own property?” Will’s smile is a grimace and his eyes are hard with anger.

“Yes.”

“Fuckin figures.”

“William language.” Lecter warns with a deep alpha growl.

Will shivers. He feels the need to bow his head and apologize to Lecter. Instead he asks, “Who runs the psychiatric hospital?”

“Dr. Chilton.”

“So you are talking about the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, then? I haven’t committed a crime.” Will’s face takes on a dark hard edge to it.

“No, but you have proven yourself prone to violent outbursts; which is unusual for an omega and you are in a dissociative state about your second gender.” Replies Lecter with exaggerated patience as though talking to a small child.

“If there is such a thing, but at least you can keep me in line.” Will snips out while crossing his arms over his chest.

“I believe I can help you and take care of you.”

“You mean manipulate me.” Will is looking down at the foot of the bed at his feet.

“Why do you say that?” Lecter squints his eyes looking at Will’s profile.

“Because it is what you do Dr. Lecter.” Will turns his head toward Hannibal, his eyes never leaving his feet.

“Which option will it be William?” Asks Lecter as he rolls his shoulders back.

“Since there really is no acceptable option offered, I guess I’ll choose you. The devil I know.“ He said, huffing in a self-deprecating way.

Lecter’s eyes crinkle in amusement. “Why did you react so strongly to Mr. Budge?” he asks.

“He tried to strangle me with a violin wire made from human guts.” Will states.

“This happened when you stayed with him?” Hannibal asks, feeling a strong urge to protect Will and tear Budge apart.

“No. When I went to investigate him for murder. Later he was killed. That’s why I freaked out when I saw him. I wasn’t sure if I was hallucinating or if he was real.”

“This is when you supposedly worked for the FBI? Did you kill him sweet William?”

“No, you did Dr. Lecter.”

Chapter 4

Lecter cocks his head and turns the corners of his mouth up. He felt a sense of alpha righteousness. Of course he had killed Budge. He is the superior alpha.

“Did I kill him over an omega?” He asks. `

This startles Will enough to turn his blue eyes to capture Hannibal’s own. For two heartbeats his eyes linger, and then he drops his gaze back to his feet. He smiles a lopsided smile and shakes his head slowly.

“Um...no. He attacked you at your office. You fought and then you killed him. I suspect you could have called the police after he was unconscious.” Will replied.

Lecter nods his head. ‘Sounds like territory dispute’ he thinks. That is a conversation for another time.

“Interesting story. I think talking with you in therapy should be enlightening.” Hannibal pokes instead.

Will grimaces and tenses his whole body. Hannibal suspected Will would have an objection to this. “Isn't that a conflict of interest?” Wills huffs.

Before Lecter responds there is a knock on the door. The door swings open to reveal Jack Crawford standing on the threshold. He looks like he is wearing a government issued black suit. An unfamiliar smell makes Will’s nose twitch. He feels like is going to sneeze from the scent of righteousness, injury, smoky pine, and musk.

Lecter notices the twitch of Will’s nose. He wonders how he smells to Will. Will’s scent surrounds him. It is intoxicating. Jack looks at Will. Will returns his gaze before settling it on his throat.

“May I come in?” He enquires.

“Sure Jack. For once your timing is perfect.” Snarks Will.

“I’m sorry but we have never officially met. I’m agent Jack Crawford. I am head of the..”

“BAU of the FBI. Yes, I know that, Jack. You recruited me. Remember? Took me out of my cozy FBI classroom to save lives.” Will smiles in a confused way.

Jack looks at Lecter. “Mr. Graham is having some dissociation with his gender. I think whatever happened at the crime scene has caused Mr. Graham to break with reality. He has based this new one on his past experience as a homicide investigator.” Hannibal explains.

“Ahhhh.” Jack nods his head in the way people do when a child’s odd behavior is explained to them. “Yes, Beverly Katz told me about his background.”

“Break with reality! I understand this reality just fine!” Will’s voice rises in indignation.

“Do you think he could answer a few questions, Dr. Lecter?” Jack turns toward Hannibal as he asks.

“I think he…” Hannibal starts to answer.

“He is sitting right here and I can answer any questions you have Agent Crawford!” Will growls out in interruption.

Both alphas turn and focus on Will sitting on the bed. His instincts tell him to crawl into himself and apologize for his behavior. He has challenged not one, but two alphas. Will dry swallows resolutely, and locks his eyes on the widow behind Hannibal.

“That was rude.” States Lecter, “But we have been rude as well.” He puts his palm up to stop Jack from commenting. “What I was going to say is I think Will can answer any questions you have. His delusions seem for the majority, to be about him and society. I do not think it will impact what he saw at the crime scene.”

Will slams his head back into the elevated bed. He rubs his eyes and pinches the bridge of his nose. ‘Surely, surely I did not imagine a world where I would be treated worse!’

Jack turns to Will. “Will... may I call you Will?” Not waiting for affirmation, Jack continues, “Did you see your attacker?”

Will doesn't change his position. “Yes” he answers.

“Well, what did he look like? Was it and alpha or beta?” Jack growls.

Hannibal gazes between Jack and Will. He enjoys the subversive game Will is playing with Jack. Will is displaying his power by forcing Jack to dig for the answers he needs. It is a very subtle omegan display of power.

“I was attacked by a woman with blonde hair and green eyes. She was maybe 5’10. I know I’m going to regret asking this, but how can you tell if she was an alpha, beta or omega?”

Jack looks shocked and there is a low rumble of a chuckle in his chest. Looking at Lecter he says “You weren't kidding where you?”

“Well let’s just pretend I am from a different planet or an alternate reality. Explain it to me.” Will uses his professor voice that sounds bored asking a question once too often.

“It’s the way people smell. Beta’s have no scent. Alpha’s tends to be musky, spicy, earthy, and very masculine in their scents. Omegas tend to have a softer scent that is floral, fresh and clean. Your scent Will is,” Hannibal pauses to move near and inhale deeply, “Gardenia, Honeysuckle, asphalt after a summer rain, fear, dog, and whiskey.”

Will looks up at Hannibal as he smells him. ‘Did he just small me again?! Christ on a cracker!’ He laments.

“Why don’t you try?”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“Let’s not and say I did. I’m sure I’ll have multiple chances to smell you later.” Will rolls his eyes.

Lecter chuckles. “Stubborn omega. You’ve been smelling it all along.”

“I hate to interrupt your lesson Dr. Lecter but I have a few more questions.” Jack’s impatience is showing.

“Why were you dressed for winter in the height of summer? Where were you attacked? Did you know the other victims?” Jack volleys his questions at Will. He hopes, if he gets them out there before another “lesson” sidetracks them, he’ll get some answers.

Will looks toward Jack and uncrosses his arms so he can use his fingers to count.

“One. I was dressed for winter because it was winter where I was. It was January. Don’t look at me like that Jack. I know what I sound like but I’m going to be locked up anyway. I’m staying with Dr. Lecter.” Will gestures in Hannibal’s direction. “Two. I was attacked in that location. She came out of nowhere, while I was recreating the crime in my head to generate a profile for you. I guess the locals did not clear the area. Three. No I did not know any of the victims or see how they were mutilated. Four. The woman who attacked me didn't kill your other victims. Five. I bet if you search within a five mile radius of that crime scene, you will find even more victims.” Will finishes his answers with the head tilt and annoyance of a miffed teenager.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Thanks everyone for your comments and kudos. Sorry if I don't get to all of them. I'm a little socially backward. The next update will push story forward more.

Enjoy

Lecter cocks his head and turns the corners of his mouth up. He felt a sense of alpha righteousness. Of course he had killed Budge. He is the superior alpha.

“Did I kill him over an omega?” He asks. `

This startles Will enough to turn his blue eyes to capture Hannibal’s own. For two heartbeats his eyes linger, and then he drops his gaze back to his feet. He smiles a lopsided smile and shakes his head slowly.

“Um...no. He attacked you at your office. You fought and then you killed him. I suspect you could have called the police after he was unconscious.” Will replied.

Lecter nods his head. ‘Sounds like territory dispute’ he thinks. That is a conversation for another time.

“Interesting story. I think talking with you in therapy should be enlightening.” Hannibal pokes instead.

Will grimaces and tenses his whole body. Hannibal suspected Will would have an objection to this. “Isn't that a conflict of interest?” Wills huffs.

Before Lecter responds there is a knock on the door. The door swings open to reveal Jack Crawford standing on the threshold. He looks like he is wearing a government issued black suit. An unfamiliar smell makes Will's nose twitch. He feels like is going to sneeze from the scent of righteousness, injury, smoky pine, and musk.

Lecter notices the twitch of Will's nose. He wonders how he smells to Will. Will's scent surrounds him. It is intoxicating. Jack looks at Will. Will returns his gaze before settling it on his throat.

"May I come in?" He enquires.

"Sure Jack. For once your timing is perfect." Snarks Will.

"I'm sorry but we have never officially met. I'm agent Jack Crawford. I am head of the.."

"BAU of the FBI. Yes, I know that, Jack. You recruited me. Remember? Took me out of my cozy FBI classroom to save lives." Will smiles in a confused way.

Jack looks at Lecter. "Mr. Graham is having some dissociation with his gender. I think whatever happened at the crime scene has caused Mr. Graham to break with reality. He has based this new one on his past experience as a homicide investigator." Hannibal explains.

"Ahhhh." Jack nods his head in the way people do when a child's odd behavior is explained to them. "Yes, Beverly Katz told me about his background."

"Break with reality! I understand this reality just fine!" Will's voice rises in indignation.

"Do you think he could answer a few questions, Dr. Lecter?" Jack turns toward Hannibal as he asks.

"I think he…" Hannibal starts to answer.

“He is sitting right here and I can answer any questions you have Agent Crawford!” Will growls out in interruption.

Both alphas turn and focus on Will sitting on the bed. His instincts tell him to crawl into himself and apologize for his behavior. He has challenged not one, but two alphas. Will dry swallows resolutely, and locks his eyes on the widow behind Hannibal.

“That was rude.” States Lecter, “But we have been rude as well.” He puts his palm up to stop Jack from commenting. “What I was going to say is I think Will can answer any questions you have. His delusions seem for the majority, to be about him and society. I do not think it will impact what he saw at the crime scene.”

Will slams his head back into the elevated bed. He rubs his eyes and pinches the bridge of his nose. ‘Surely, surely I did not imagine a world where I would be treated worse!’

Jack turns to Will. “Will... may I call you Will?” Not waiting for affirmation, Jack continues, “Did you see your attacker?”

Will doesn't change his position. “Yes” he answers.

“Well, what did he look like? Was it and alpha or beta?” Jack growls.

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Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

I can't resist messin' with Will. :)

Before Jack can begin yelling a nurse enters the room and informs them that Mr. Graham needs to have a few tests done and they need to leave. When the alphas have left, the nurse turns toward Will saying, "This is a routine pelvic exam, Mr. Graham. The doctors wanted to make sure everything is fine and working correctly. After a trauma, such the one you experienced, it is required by law."

The red haired beta smiled at Will's shocked face. She clasps her hands together like a prim and proper spinster. "Don't look like that; it will be done in a jiffy. Then we will pop down to do x-rays and and ultrasound, if needed to finish up."

Another nurse enters the room with a cart. She starts to remove some medical devices. Ms. Prim and Proper pulls out and raises some stirrups from the end of the bed. Will's face becomes flush with dread and humiliation. He would take bending and coughing any day to this new horror. 'How do women do this?' He screams in his head.

"I...I... don't feel this is a necessary procedure. I feel fine! Really...I do!" He squeaks out.

"Now then, we know what is best, Mr. Graham." Ms. Prim and Proper tries to mollify Will.

"It's my body and I know my body! I am fine and this is NOT happening!" Will yells and jumps off the bed.

"Judy! Get the sedative!" The red haired nurse yells.

****

Lecter stops by Ms. Kimore's house to pick up Will's luggage. He wants to prepare the guest room for William's arrival. He feels Will would like his own things. 'Maybe I'll put him into the omega room.' He considers. A wealthy alpha, traditionally will have a special room constructed for his mate. It will be tailored toward an omega's instincts for comfort, and safety while taking in consideration the omega's personal tastes. The room is usually situated between the master bedroom and a nursery. There are no windows, for safety and to keep an omega inside during their heat, and locks on the outside to prevent escape. More modern omega rooms now have locks on the inside, instead of the outside, like a panic room. Kidnapping omegas, even bonded mates, is a constant fear for alphas. Omegas could go for millions of dollars depending on age, fertility and physical appearance.

Even though the bonds between mates were considered a lifetime commitment, bonds could be broken in two ways. The first, of course, is if the other mate dies. The second is that the kidnapped omega is bitten constantly, for a prolonged period of time, while surrounding them with the scent of their "new" mate. Throw in a little Stockholm syndrome and poof! A new bond is formed. The second bond is weaker but does keep the omegas biology in line.

New laws were in effect to find taken omegas and punish kidnappers, but omega trafficking networks are vast. The OPA came into being when omega numbers had started to drop. The decline in birth rates in omegas had been the product of abuse, dangerous job occupations, and refusal to mate until later in life. With the decline of the omega population, the birth rates had dropped among alphas as well. Betas were increasing in numbers, but betas could only have betas, while omegas could have any of the three. So the alpha government, to protect omegas while maintaining their hold on society, had pushed into existence the Omega Protection Act.

There is opposition to the law by omegas and betas alike. Omega's civil liberties, all but a few, were compromised or taken away completely. All alphas had access to every omega's medical, employment, and any public records without the omega's consent or knowledge. All medical care was mandatory and abortion was prohibited, no matter the circumstances, or feelings of the omega. Rape charges, against alphas, are not pursued unless the omega is killed or their fertility is compromised. An omega being murdered or killed during a crime however was an automatic death sentenced. There is guardianship for "mentaly ill" or omegas that were considered troublesome.

Lecter picks up one large leather suitcase, a small leather carry on, as well as a garment bag. Ms. Kimora had sent Will's violin and music composition book with him as well. Kimora states that sometimes Will has an almost obsessive compulsive need to compose music. He will compose for days at a time without sleeping or eating. Hannibal resists the urge to look

through the contents of the composition book. It is very rude to investigate Will's suitcases but Lecter picks out a pair of dark jeans, a blue polo shirt, blue socks, and boxers for Will to wear home. The only shoes seem to be low top converse shoes. The clothing all seems to be tailored to the size of the omega, unlike the clothing he'd worn at the crime scene, which was all too big for him.

"Curiouser and curiouser." Hannibal whispers to himself.

****

On the day that Hannibal brings Will to his house, the air is oppressive with heat and humidity. Will thanks him for the clothing and asks how much he owes him. When Lecter tells Will nothing, because they were his to begin with, Will nods his head in a jerky fashion. Hannibal knows Will does not believe him. Will leaves with Hannibal with no complaint or resistance. Hannibal has the idea that the staff is as glad to see him go as Will is to be leaving.

They arrive at Hannibal's house and he turns to see Will's reaction. His expression is unimpressed. Almost like he had already seen his home. The alpha is very proud of his home and more often than not, people are impressed when they first look at it. After opening the door, Hannibal lets Will enter first. Will walks toward the kitchen.

"Where are you going Will?"

"I'm going to get a glass of water from the kitchen."

"You know where the kitchen is?"

"Yep.... and where the glasses are. Don't worry I won't muck up your sanctuary."

Hannibal follows behind Will. He stands in the doorway as the omega opens a cabinet. He picks up a glass and strolls over to the farmer's sink, turning on the faucet. After he fills his glass, he turns around leaning on the sink as he gulps the water down, his feet crossed at the ankles. Hannibal watches his Adams apple bob with each gulp and imagines his hand lying against it.

Will feels so relaxed in Hannibal's kitchen that he is surprised by his actions. It's true he had been there several times, but even on those occasions, he would have never gotten into Lecter's cabinets. Not without asking, but something inside him felt so comfortable, that this was a natural progression of their relationship. He turns and puts the glass in the sink and takes a deep breath. Will turns around facing Hannibal.

"Sorry, I should have asked but I was really thirsty." He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. His eyes briefly meet Hannibal's then settle on the floor.

Hannibal thinks about correcting the omega, but he sees the flushed cheeks and the dropped eyes. Apology and submissions are lurking underneath the scent of fear and anxiety. Instead he smiles. "No problem William. My home is open to you. Treat it as you would your own. Would you like to pick out your room?" Asks Hannibal with a slight bow of his head.

Hannibal had decided that letting the omega choose his own room would facilitate some trust between them. William craves choice and control in his world. Lecter would give him that illusion.

Will nods his head and moves toward Hannibal. Lecter leads him up the staircase and down a hall. He opens a room directly across from Hannibal's bedroom and then a door beside his bedroom. The alpha wants William close in case he sleepwalks and so Will gets to know his scent in an intimate location. Granted the alpha's scent is throughout the house but the closer to William's bedroom, the more drawn to the alpha he will be.

After reading over Will's personal file and cases from his time as a homicide investigator, the more he intrigues the alpha. Hannibal is drawn to Will's fiery personality, his lack of restraint and obviously he is very intelligent. Then he reads about his empathy disorder. How Will has been able to slip into killers' minds. How Will could completely understand them, mimic their thinking enough to predict their next move and catch them. Hannibal understands why the omega has not had any interest in courtship. No worthy alpha has approached him, until now.

Will looks between the two rooms and wonders what game Lecter is playing. He may have the upper hand now, but not for long. Whatever this omega condition is it will not stop him from bringing in Hannibal for the Ripper's murders. Being unaffiliated with the FBI might be advantageous after all. No rules to follow, no Jack to check in with, but he would have to very careful; because now he is truly in the devil's snare.

The room across from Hannibal's own looks comfortable. A large window looks across the back yard. There are heavy jewel green curtains, a large king size bed with too many pillows, dresser, desk and chair. There is an en suite bathroom. The room is opulent, masculine and very Dr. Lecter.

The room beside Hannibal's own is smaller. Even though there are no windows, the feeling to the room is lighter, not necessarily feminine. The bed is in the corner with a heavy canopy and curtains of starry night blue velvet. There are enough pillows and plenty of soft blankets. The carpet is a neutral tone of beige that looks soft enough to sink into, and there's an en suite bathroom with a claw foot bathtub.

William looks approvingly, while skimming the area with his blue eyes. He hears a soft purr rumble nearby.

"Do you have a cat Dr. Lecter?" He asks. "Since we are house mates, Will, call me Hannibal. No I do not have a pet cat. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought I heard a cat purring." Will answers as he looks around frowning.

The alpha smiles in pure amusement as he says. "That was you Will." Hannibal continues to chuckle, not from Will's question but from the look of surprise and horror that comes across William's face. It is priceless. The omega cannot keep any emotion hidden.

"What is happening to me?!" Will blurts out. He begins to pace, he runs his hands through his hair in an agitated fashion. "Suddenly, people are telling me that I can have babies, literally. My house and dogs are nonexistent, and now I'm purring like a fuckin' cat?! It would nice if something made sense for a change!" Will sits on the carpet and puts his back to the wall. Panic leaps across his face, before he even attempts to conceal it.

Before Hannibal can answer, his phone rings. The caller id informs him that it's Jack Crawford. 'Good timing. They must have found the present I left.' He thinks. Lecter desires to see William use his gift. Last night Hannibal used an unkind beta to show off his artistry.

"Excuse me Will. I need to take this." Hannibal says as he walks out of the room. "Dr. Lecter" He answers.

“Dr. Lecter, we think the Ripper has struck again. Could you come to the scene?”

“I have William under my guardianship now. I will need to bring him with me. I do want to request one indulgence, though.”

“Okay. If I can accommodate it I will.”

“I want Will to see the crime scene. Before you protest, I take full responsibility for whatever happens. Since Will thinks he works for the FBI, I think if he is confronted with an actual crime scene, his natural omegan instincts will take over and shock him back to reality.”

“I don’t know Dr. Lecter.”

Lecter can tell Crawford is cautious but intrigued. “Jack, I am positive you are aware of William’s gift and success rate when he worked in homicide. The best case scenario for you, is new eyes and new insight on the Ripper. The worst case scenario for me, is a hysterical omega. That I would have to take charge of, and you can wash your hands of.”

He knows Crawford has read Will’s personal file. Jack cannot resist any information or insight to help him catch his own “Moby Dick”.

“Alright but you take full charge of him.”

Hannibal smirks “I’ll take full responsibility.”

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the kudos and comments!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Will I have been called into a crime scene. Do you want to accompany me?” Asks Lecter as he walks into the bedroom. Will is lying on the carpet with his arms open wide. His fingers are curled into the plush carpet. His ankles are crossed and he is looking at the ceiling.

“Will did you hear me?”

“What? Sorry, I guess I zoned out there for a moment. What did you say?”

“I’ve been called in to consult on a crime scene. Do you want to…”

Before Lecter can finish, Will pushes himself up and gets to his feet quickly.

“Yes! God yes I want to go! I need to do something normal!” He says. ‘Or at least normal for me.’ Will thinks.

“I am pleased you’re excited” Lecter’s smile reaches his eyes.

****

Hannibal's black Bentley pulls up to the crime scene. The scene is located at a popular dog park. There are onlookers being held back from the police tape.

Jack Crawford is waiting from them. Will observes the restless dogs that are standing with their owners. He wonders how his small pack is doing. He feels an emotional lump coming to his throat. He shakes his head forcibly and sniffs as he swallows it down.

Lecter hears the sniff and glances at Will. His blue eyes look watery. "Are you okay, Will? Do you feel up to this?" He inquires in what sounds like real concern.

"I'm fine. Just allergies, Dr. Lecter." Will retorts.

Jack falls back to Lecter. "She was found by a man walking his dog earlier this morning. I definitely think it's the Ripper." He communicates to Lecter.

Will's head snaps up and looks at Jack as they are walking. "Are you sure it's the Ripper? How long has it been since his last murder?" He questions Jack.

Jack looks at Lecter. Lecter nods his head slightly to give Jack permission.

"It's been around a year since his last murder."

Will turns his eyes to the upcoming scene. Crawford whispers to Lecter, "I hope you know what you are doing."

"Omegas are stronger than they are given credit for, this holds especially true for William."

As Will moves forward he takes a pair of latex gloves from a box at the scene. He moves around the latest "artwork" of the Ripper. He moves slowly around the body ignoring Price and Katz. They look at Jack and he bobs his head in permission. They return to their work.

The body of a woman is sitting on a large circular piece of dark taupe silk. Her legs have been bound together and folded to the side, her feet are pointing behind her. The Ripper has

sewn additional sets of arms to her torso. One set, near her waist, is keeping her torso upright. The second pair of arms are modeled in a gesture of communication. In the woman's own right hand she holds the pipe end of a hookah that is resting in front of her. In her left hand, she holds what appears to be a red peacock. The peacocks body looks strange. Will realizes it is made from her heart. The woman's smile is etched on her face. Her eyes have been removed and replaced with what looks like flowers made from tobacco leaves. Her chest is cut open and curled back. The cavity is filled with green silk.

"What organs have been taken?" Will asks quietly.

"Um... It looks like the lungs, heart and maybe liver. We are aren't sure if the heart bird is made with hers or someone else's." Beverly replies.

"It's hers. It seems the Ripper has completed his sounder."

"Sounder?" asks Brian. He had been taking pictures of the scene.

"The Ripper sees his victims as pigs for slaughter. He usually kills in threes. He then goes dormant for weeks, months, or even years." Will eyes slowly drift from the scene to Lecter's. He holds eye contact for a few seconds. Lecter's eyes widen slowly. A look of surprise turns to intrigue and then lust before the veil slowly comes back down. Will shifts his eyes back to the body.

Jack nods his head impressed. "What else do you see?" He asks.

"Well, the obvious. She is the caterpillar from Alice in Wonderland. He's never done a fairy tale theme before. I think he is trying to be whimsical." Will shakes his head.

"If you want to know his thought process or motive, Jack, you'll need to clear everyone out."

"I don't like the idea of you being alone." Utters Jack. "I have to have the scene cleared, Jack, you know that. I need the quiet." Will grumbles.

“It’s Agent Crawford, Will.” Hannibal interjects.

“I can stay here with him.” He finishes looking at Jack.

Will glances at Lecter. “Just don’t move from your where you are standing. I don’t react well when startled while I’m in the killer’s head space.” Will says with his back to the alphas.

Jack yells for everyone to clear out. Lecter remains, standing in eager anticipation. The insight that Will has just by glancing at his work has him thrumming with pride.

Will takes and deep breath and closes his eyes.

‘I have chosen you as the star of my piece. I want to convey my interest and desire to my audience. These feelings are not a fantasy or childish. They are given freely as a child gives. I want my intended to follow me down the rabbit hole to madness and fantasy. To live in a dream of my own making. I want them to become what I see in them. This is my design.’

Will blinks his eyes open, his breath coming out in a panicked rush. He falls forward to his knees. Lecter comes up to him and places his hand on Wills back. He pushes out his scent to calm the omega. “Are you alright?”

Will nods his head yes. “Just give me a moment.” Jack comes stomping up.

“I knew it!” He bellows.

Will whips his head up and glares at Jack. “I am fine Agent Crawford! Thanks for asking.” He snaps.

Will gets up and focuses on the alphas. “This is an invitation.”

“To whom? And what does it mean?” Jack probes.

Will ducks his chin to his chests and crosses his arms. “I’m not sure to whoooom.” He drawls. ‘I know it’s me’ he thinks.

“The Ripper wants someone to play with him in his world. He wants them to questions themselves. He wants to cocoon them in his influence, so they can *become.* ”

“Become what?”

“Become whatever the Ripper sees them as... to reach their full potential. The bird in her hand has a special meaning to the Ripper. I’m not sure what kind of bird it represents but the Ripper thinks he has them in his hand. Do you know what kind of bird it is Dr. Lecter?” Will studies Hannibal through his eyelashes. If Will hadn’t studied Lecter for so long, he would have missed the prideful smirk. Instead Lecter looks like he is thinking over the question.

“It looks like it might be a Vták Ohnivák. It is a Russian folklore creature, also known as the Firebird. It is supposed to be a blessing and a bringer of doom for its captor.”

Lecter looks at Jack.

“So the Ripper is trying to court someone?” Jack muses.

“We’ve always thought he was an alpha.” Answers Lecter.

Jack hums and looks at the body. He looks back at Will and sighs. “That’s great work Will.”

“If you say it with a sigh like that, it makes me question your sincerity, agent Crawford.” Will studies Crawford. The man tenses but says nothing.

“Will I think it’s time we go.” Lecter puts his hand on Will’s lower back. Will jumps at the touch but doesn’t move away. The game has become even more dangerous, now that Will knows what Lecter wants from him.

Chapter End Notes

Alice in Wonderland is not mine either.

The Other Outcast

Chapter Summary

What is happening to the other Will?

Chapter Notes

I had several comments about the other Will. What is happening to him? I had considered writing that as a separate piece but I think combining them will be better. I think.... So we will see how this runs. If it seems to go along well, then that is what I'll do. If not. I'll separate them.

Enjoy!

Will Graham, omega musician, wakes to the voice of an unknown man. He groans as he pushes himself off the frozen ground. Will is shivering violently. His khaki slacks and short sleeve hunter green oxford feel soaked on his left side. His face is numb on the left but stinging on the right side. His lip feels swollen and cut. His left eye is swollen shut. Will's chocolate curls are wet and tangled.

Will remembers going to Ms. Kimora's after the rehearsal. The Baltimore opera company is coming along nicely in their adaptation of his newest opera. Tobias Budge, the alpha sponsor staying with him while Ms. Kimora was out of town arrives soon after. Will despises the need to have a sponsor at all. At his age it is ridiculous to have a baby sitter. He is considered fragile, a treasure and a prize, none of which, Will feels he is. Will has been considering settling down and starting a family. That's why; when Tobias Budge volunteers to stay with him he is not all that opposed.

Tobias Budge seems like a nice, well-mannered alpha. He is assertive and egotistical but what alpha isn't? Tobias is easy on the eyes as well. Will is in the kitchen heating up some leftovers for dinner when Tobias walks into the kitchen.

“Hello Will!” Tobias smiles with a voice smooth as honey. “Hi Tobias!” Will smiles at him briefly meeting his eyes.

“Why don’t we go somewhere for dinner?” Tobias suggests.

Will hears warning bells going off in his head. He feels a pull of dread in his stomach. ‘I’m being paranoid.’ He thinks. ‘Why not? A public setting is safe and I can have him stay at his place after. I can use the courting etiquette of no alone interaction during the first dates. I can get some independence back.’ Will, pleased with his plan, agrees to go.

Everything is fine at first, until it isn’t. They drive out of town. Will asks where they are going. He starts feeling trepidation when Tobias pulls off the road. Will is immediately on guard.

“Why are we stopped?”

“I want to speak with you.”

“You can do that at the restaurant.”

“I have admired you for a long time from afar.”

“That’s nice but let’s get going.”

“I want to court you Will. Would you like that?” Tobias smiles reassuringly.

“I am flattered, but I am put off by your approach.”

“Are you rejecting me?” Asks the alpha with a growl.

“If you’ll let me finish! I was going to say even though I am put out off by this approach, I would be willing to discuss it more.” Will’s temper flares at the growl.

“But... now... no way!” He answers as he crosses his arms.

The alpha snarls and slaps Will across the face. He grabs Will’s arm while he is too stunned to move and kisses him. Will, maybe an omega, but he does have police training. He twists his head away and jabs his index finger into Tobias’s throat. Tobias’s hands go to his throat and Will tries to get the door open. Tobias hits Will again. They start struggling and Will feels a sharp pain under his left ribs. Tobias has a knife in him. Will’s flight or fight instincts kick into high gear. He raises his hands and presses his thumbs into Tobias’ eyes. The alpha releases the knife. Will yanks the knife out . He manages to get the car door open. He runs as fast he can into the woods. He is hoping the alpha is too injured to follow him. He stumbles and falls when he reaches the clearing.

That is all he remembers before someone is saying his name.

He sees a dark skinned man wearing a long coat and fedora. He is leaning over Will. He has a gun in his hand. Will sees a woman staring at him with vacant green eyes. Will inhales and smells gun powder, blood, the chill of snow, and nothing else. They must be betas his mind supplies.

Will’s surroundings are coming into focus, the ringing in his ears starts to quiet. ‘Why am I in snow? I’m freezing!’ He thinks. Will lets out a whimper, a call for help. The man just looks at him and then he sees the blood. “Medic!” He yells.

“Will? Where is your coat? You’re turning blue!” The man with the fedora asks. “I said I need a medic!” He yells again.

Another man appears in a long double-breasted wool coat. He has chiseled cheek bones with bronze skin. His eyes are a strange color but Will can’t make them out yet. His ash blond hair is stilled gelled into place despite running.

He leans down, helping Will to sit up. Will hisses in pain, holding his side. The man carefully removes his hand. He takes a handkerchief out of his pocket and places it over the wound. Will moans in pain at the pressure of his hand.

He looks at the other man with the gun. “What happened Jack?” He growls.

“The locals told me the scene was cleared. I left Will alone to do his thing. When I came to check on him, I saw that woman with a knife in Will. She turns on me with that knife and I fired. Is it bad?” The dark skin man gestures at Will.

The other man answers him, “I can’t really tell how deep it is but the sooner we get Will to the hospital the better.”

Will is used to people talking like he is not there. But he is hurting and freezing. These men seem to know him. He tries to smell again. He smells nothing. He knows that’s not right. These two men are the very definition of alphas.

Will whispers, “Where am I? Do I know you?” His blue eyes look through his lashes. He wants to appear sweet and docile until he knows what is going on. For all he knows Tobias may have sent some friends to make sure he’s dead. While Will suspects that Tobias has very few if any real alpha friends, you can’t be too safe.

The man putting pressure on his wound, looks at him and then at his companion. His slight movement makes Will use his free hand to grasps the man’s shoulder.

“Do you not know me? Do you know your name?”

“I know my name. I’m Will Graham.” Will groans out in pain.

“You are at the Heaven’s Gate compound and it’s morning.” The man supplies.

“Who are you?” Will asks again.

Chapter 8

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The alpha is taller and broader than their beta and omega counterparts. The alpha has more muscle mass, superior scent and hearing capabilities. These evolutionary traits are thought to have evolved, so that the alpha can provide for and protect their mate and offspring. The alpha tends to have defined facial features and a strong jaw line. Their voices are deeper to demonstrate authority. The omega feels the need to submit to an alpha's requests when this tone of voice is used. The alpha growl is heard in response to threat or arousal. These physical traits lead to more natural aggression and dominate behavior in the alpha. The need for control over their environment and mate is paramount to an alpha. Often times, alphas have little to no control over their instincts when an omega is in heat, unless the alpha is bonded. If unbonded, alphas biological reactions to an omegas' heat pheromones is to claim and impregnate.

Omegas are shorter and leaner than their alpha and beta counterparts. The leaner muscle mass allows the omega to flee from danger. Omegas can be very skittish and easily startle in response to sudden noises or touches. Omegas facial features are soft and delicate. Large eyes give the illusion of child like innocence. Holding eye contact can be difficult for omegas, a trait alphas' look for in a good mate. This evolutionary feature of childlike innocence triggers an alphas instinct to protect. Omegas voices are softer to calm alphas and their offspring. The omega purr is an involuntary response to pleasure. The need to make their environment calm, warm and secure is paramount to an omega. Once in heat the omegas instincts to find a mate and breed become overwhelming. Heats are exhausting mentally and physically unless an omega is bonded.

The controversial use of suppressants has been in long debate. The suppressants have given a certain freedom to omegas. They can choose when and if they have heats. Impregnation is lowered. The omega scent is softened or nonexistent. This allows omegas to work in jobs requiring close contact with alphas. Even though these suppressants provide some benefits, the consequences of long term use are mental and physical imbalance. Bonded alphas often do not allow their omegas to be on suppressants due to their sensitive nose and breeding rights. Omegas must have consent from their alphas' for a prescription. There are illegal methods to obtain suppressants but the pills are often ineffective forgeries, or have added poisonous ingredients.

Psychological and social interactions between alphas and omegas have....

"Will"

Hannibal tries to gain Will's attention. He looks at the omega sitting at the desk in his study. There is an air of engrossed research about the omega. He sits with one of the many books piled around the desk open. His head is bent over a book, with a hand resting in his chocolate curls. The other hand holds a page up just about to turn it. A pencil is perched between his lips.

Lecter knocks softly and calls to him hoping not to startle the omega. Will finally looks up from the book. His eyes slide up to Hannibal's throat and the pencil drops from his mouth.

"Yes?"

"Dinner is ready." Lecter says as he leans against the door frame.

"Thank you, but I'm not hungry right now." Will's head bends back toward the book.

'This will not do.' Lecter thinks as he cocks an eyebrow. "You have not eaten anything since this morning. Your body needs fuel. Now, please put away your book and come with me."

Will looks up at Lecter and smiles. "I appreciate it Dr. Lecter but I am not hungry. I am not a child. I can gauge when I need to eat." Will goes back to reading.

Hannibal's hackles rise. William is stubborn, and in need of some discipline. He is small and underweight even by omegan standards. If Will will not take care of himself properly, Lecter will. It is also rude to ignore a meal prepared by his host.

Hannibal walks slowly towards the desk. "William, I must insist that you come and eat." Lecter pushes out his pheromones and lets his voice drop to a dominant growl. His voice holds no quarter for argument.

Will starts to sweat and feels a prickly feeling of anxiety start at the back of his skull. He looks Hannibal in the eyes. Will swallows and feels his stomach roil. The air smells of threat and anger.

Will exhales a breath he was holding. He pauses for a moment before he quips, “What are you going to do? Send me to bed without supper, ground me, take away phone privileges, or not allow me to go on a date with the alpha next door? I am a grown man and I choose when and if I eat.”

Lecter chuckles at the challenge, this should be fun. Will may not remember what his place is in society but Hannibal will help him with that. Lecter pulls the book away from Will and slams it shut.

Will get up abruptly. The chair falls backward to the floor. “If you’ll excuse me, I will go up to my room.” He grits out as he turns to walk to the door.

“I do care William. You may be a grown man but obviously you have trouble taking care of yourself.” Hannibal calmly steps in front of Will to prevent him from moving closer to the door. Will brushes past Lecter as he tries to leave. Quicker than any slight of hand trick, Hannibal’s hand grabs the nape of Will’s neck. He squeezes and pushes Will down to the floor, until he is kneeling before him. When Will feels Lecter’s hand on his neck, he feels a rush of adrenaline that hits his feet and hands. It feels like little needles stabbing. He feels his body freeze and he holds his breath. Will’s body wants to stay as still as possible, in case the predator decides to move. Will thoughts scream at him to apologize and nuzzle his face against Lecter’s thigh.

Will lets out an angry gasp. “Is this how you treat all your guests? Or am I special? I think you forget your decorum, Dr. Lecter.” He hisses out.

Lecter’s eyes narrow in barely contained fury. He shakes Will, as a mother would an unruly pup. His voice drops to a whisper as he leans down toward Will’s ear. His breath on Will’s ear makes him shiver with fear and arousal. Will’s shoulders inadvertently roll to his neck to protect it. Will’s eyes close and he feels tears.

“I am the alpha of this house. I am the final authority over anything or anybody that is here. You will treat me with respect, follow any rules I give you and mind your manners. I will

treat you with respect and consider your requests as long as they are for the best. Since you are under my guardianship, I will punish you as I see fit. I can send you to BSHCI, lock you in your room, stop any courtships, and I can even spank you. There is nothing you can do about it because society and the law are in agreement with me." Lecter inhales and exhales slowly. He removes the snarl from his face. He regains control over his temper. "I would rather not have to use any of these measures Will, but if you push me I will. I would like us to be friends that respect each other."

Lecter pushes down on Will's neck to punctuate his authority and removes his hand. Will angrily wipes away tears that have fallen onto his cheeks. His face is red from humiliation, anger, and shame. Will feels guilty for throwing a tantrum. From what Will has been reading, these feelings are instinctual. He doesn't have to like them or follow them.

Will recognizes his misstep. He knows pushing Hannibal with rudeness is dangerous, even if Hannibal doesn't want to kill him... yet. He is angry with himself for letting his mouth get the best of him. This is going to be a long game. If Will wants to put Lecter away, he needs to build a relationship with him. Catching the Ripper is the only thing that seems normal to Will here in this moment.

Will has always been able to count on his strict black and white code for right and wrong. It is the most stable and constant part of his personality. The code has kept him from giving into his own darkness and the killers he thinks like. The code has been with him through boyhood moves, working in a corrupt police environment, and serial killers fantasies. Will resists falling into the murky gray of justifications. This code explains why he returns again to look for Jack and the desire to put the only man he has felt comfortable with behind bars. It is the right thing to do.

Will stares at the floor.

"Will, look at me please." Hannibal requests. It takes Will a few moments of steady breathing before he can tilt his head back and look up at Hannibal. Hannibal's breathe hitches. Looking up at him with his neck bared, eyes watery with humiliation and submission, Will is exquisite. The feeling of want unfurls in Lecter's groin. He licks his lips. He knows what he desires for dessert.

"Will you please come to dinner?" He asks.

Will presses his lips into a tight line. He nods his head. He doesn't want to speak. He is afraid his voice will crack from emotion. It's hard enough giving Hannibal this victory over him.

Chapter 9

Will follows Hannibal into the dining room. Hannibal pulls out the chair for Will. Will whispers “Thank you.” He keeps his eyes lowered and his head slightly bowed. Hannibal leaves the dining room to get their plates. Will wipes his face some more. In this reality he has new limitations from this new gender. But everyone has a weakness, even this Hannibal does. Will muses that he needs to turn his weaknesses to strengths. He will use them to his advantage. First things first, he needs to get out from Hannibal’s thumb. He wasn’t going to be able to dig any deeper until he could get some distance from Hannibal’s scrutiny. Lecter comes into the dining room with two bowls. He places one in front of Will and the other across from will. He leaves again, returning with a bottle of wine and fresh bread.

“I thought something simple for this evening. Please begin.” Lecter nods at Will.

Will sighs and takes the plunge. He knows Lecter is watching him. He places the meat and broth in his mouth. It is perfection as always. “Hmmm... It is very good. Thank you.” He says. Lecter preens and pride fills his eyes. They eat in silence for a few minutes. Hannibal breaks the silence.

“Would you like to practice tonight? I have a very small music room but it should do.” Lecter asks Will. If he can get Will back into his comfort of music maybe he can get some cooperation from the omega. Though the thrill he felt watching Will work at the crime scene was titillating. He wants Will to feel comfortable, so Hannibal can groom him. Will stops in mid bite.

“Practice? Practice What?”

“Your music. Your violin.”

Will takes a moment to answer. “I respectfully decline for tonight. I am tired and I think I’ll go to bed early.” He answers.

As they continue eating, Will has an idea. If he could call Ms. Kimora, he could get her to have another guardian assigned to him. Then he could investigate and plan away from Lecter. Since he ‘knows’ Lecter is the Ripper he could find his secondary location before Hannibal plants false evidence. Will decides to swallow his pride and try to give the alpha what he wants. If he can gentle Hannibal into letting him go to the opera house under the guise of rehearsal, Will knows he can find someone to give him her number. Wills thinks Hannibal would insist contacting Ms. Kimora himself. Will needs to talk to her before Lecter convinces her Will is doing fine. Will knows he can play the temperamental artist to perfection. He would deal with the actual opera and performance later. He didn’t want to ruin this Wills’ career. Lecter and Will finish dinner and desert. Hannibal asks will if he wants a drink in the study. Will agrees but asks for whiskey instead of wine. Hannibal is watching the omega carefully since dinner. Will has been pleasant but a little cold. Hannibal feels he has won the first round in the undeclared war of power. He has established authority and Will seems to have fallen in line. He pours William his whiskey, handing him the glass. Hannibal sits in the chair next to Will. Will takes a deep breath for courage and mentally girds his loins.

“I want to say I am sorry for my outburst earlier today.” He says.

He keeps his eyes looking down at the fire. He hears Hannibal shift in his seat. Will looks at Hannibal through his lashes.

“I think all that has happened to me lately has put me off my manners. I can be difficult but I do try to be polite and... grateful. I am grateful for all that you have done for me.” Will says demurely.

He wonders if he sounds like some southern belle from a 19th century novel. Will is surprised when he sees Hannibal’s response. Hannibal relaxes his posture and nods his head.

“I understand. I am sure it has been difficult for you. We are past that now, I hope.”

Will smiles at Hannibal. “Thank you Hannibal. I was wondering if I may ask a favor?” Inquires Will.

“Of course, if I can fulfill it I will.”

“Could you take me to rehearsal tomorrow?”

“I can. I will make some phone calls to check the time. I believe some of the board members will be there.”

“There is one more thing.” Will says as he leans in Hannibal’s direction.

“Yes?”

“I need a prescription for suppressants.”

“Your medical record says you have an adverse reaction to them. I do not recommend them.” Replies Hannibal shaking his head.

“Well, I am concerned about staying here with you. You are not bonded and neither am I. I’m worried about what may happen.”

“Let me assure you Will. I have great willpower and I will make arrangements for you.” Hannibal smiles.

‘Bullshit! I bet you will.’ He thinks. Instead he says “Thank you Hannibal.”

****

That night after retiring to his room, Will finishes reading about the personality traits of omegas and alphas. He starts to formulate a plan for tomorrow. At breakfast the next morning, Lecter tells Will they will head to the theater around 10 am. Will starts phase one of his plan. He has read that omegas are prized for their appearance. Will knows he is

attractive. He just doesn't normally take the time to fully utilize it. He picks out gray pants and a blue shirt that will bring out his eyes.

After he showers, he shaves his beard off. He knows how young he will look but in this case it may work in his favor. He uses a small about of gel to tame his curls just a bit. Will feels like he looks about 12 years old, but alphas like that shit apparently. Will heads downstairs. Lecter is in his study. Will stops by the door and knocks.

"Yes Will?"

When he looks up he is pleased at what he sees. Will's eyes are bright and highlighted by his blue shirt. The gray pants are trim to his figure. His curls are tamed but look soft. His face looks soft, and lips lush without the stubble. Hannibal's eyes travel the omega's length. He gives an appreciative growl.

"Where is my violin?" Will cocks an eyebrow at the growl.

"It's in the music room."

"I'll grab it. I am ready to go if you are." Hannibal comes out of the study and watches Will saunter down the hall. Maybe they will do something special this evening. He would like to show Will off.

******

They arrive at the opera house and Will starts to feel nervous. Phase one was easy, to make himself attractive. The second part will be more difficult, to be charming. He needs to find a weak link and get Kimora's phone number. When Will enters the stage area, he's greeted with clapping. His ears and face burn from the extra attention. He waves everyone off; he tries to silence the clapping. He didn't realize there would be so many people here. Will looks around trying to decide who he will charm first. Fate intervenes for him. Heading toward Will is Tobias and Franklyn. Will's eyes widen in shock at the sight of Franklyn alive. He doesn't know why he is, but Tobias is alive after all. Hannibal takes Will's shock as fear. He puts his hand to Will's back and tries to calm him.

“Hello Will!” Tobias smiles.

“Hello Tobias. Hello Franklyn” Will smiles.

“I didn’t know you were acquainted with Franklyn” Tobias eyes narrow. Franklyn smile widens and his eyes light up from the acknowledgement of such a lovely omega. Franklyn is a very weak alpha, he could almost be a beta.

“You must have mentioned him in passing.” Will recovers.

Franklyn looks at Tobias and preens that his friend has mentioned him. Hannibal hides his smile behind his hand as he coughs at Tobias’s unease. A stately man is trying to get Hannibal’s and Tobias’s attention. When he succeeds, he motions them over to him. They take their leave of Will and Franklyn. Normally Will would have found a way to lose Franklyn in the crowd but he swallows. Will smiles and hesitantly touches Franklyn’s arm. Franklyn is entranced.

“Franklyn, I was curious, if you are acquainted with Mrs. Kimora” Franklyn smiles wide, his face looks like it is going to split.

“Oh yes! I am! I have been attending the performances for...” Before Franklyn’s mouth runs away from him, Will interrupts.

“I’m sorry to interrupt you, but do you have her cell number?”

“Don’t you have it?”

“Well I have lost my cell unfortunately.”

“Oh, doesn’t Dr. Lecter have it? He is a wonderful psychiatrist…”

“Yes. Yes he is Franklyn but...”

“But?”

“He is so intimidating, I find it hard to ask him for it. I can tell you are a very kind and sweet alpha. You are an alpha that knows how to treat the gentler sex.” Will smiles as coy as he can. He touches Franklyn’s hand. The line snaps and he has caught his fish.

“I have her number; would you like to use my cell to call her?” Franklyn gushes,

“Oh, how thoughtful of you!” Will cocks his head and purrs at Franklyn.

Hannibal is watching Will and Franklyn talk. He feels a stab of jealousy when he sees William touching him, and smiling at that idiot. ‘William is much to smart to listen to or show real interest in that sad excuse for an alpha. What is he up to?’ Hannibal excuses himself, as he is walking up to Will. Franklyn is handing Will his phone. Will takes the phone and smiles at Franklyn. He mouths ‘Thank you’ to him and walks away from the crowd. Hannibal follows.

As Will takes the phone he hears “Hello?” “Ms. Kimora?” “Oh Will darling is that you? How are you?” “Yes it’s me. I am doing OK.”

“Oh I know you've had such a time you poor dear. Is there anything I can do for you?” She asks, with concern in her voice. Now the real acting starts. Will sighs heavily, as if, he doesn't want to say.

“Well... it’s about Dr. Lecter. I would really like to stay with someone else.”

“Has he... He hasn't done anything improper has he?”

“Oh no. He is a perfect gentlemen but I find him too intimating. I can’t work. I am a bundle of nerves. I can’t work under these conditions. I would hate to break the contract. It would set the opera back years.”

“Will darling, that would be serious breach of contract. It would affect your career, reputation, and finances. Are you sure you can’t work things out with Hannibal?”

“Oh I know, it would be terrible. But I feel my lawyers will say that my emotional distress came from the crime scene I woke up at. I was under an alphas care, one that you provided but I have no memory of how I got there. Then my nerves were further put under stress when Dr. Lecter took me to another crime scene and…”

“What!? He took you to another crime scene?” Her voice trailing to a whisper.

“Yes Ms. Kimora he did. So you see now I’m staying with an unbound alpha that I associate with those two traumas...Well... I don’t see how a judge or jury would find me at fault for wanting new accommodations. They may even decide in my favor, I mean, I could receive damages. That would be so unfortunate for your opera company.” Will takes a breath.

He can tell she is imagining what could happen. “But that is not my goal.” Will pauses as he turns around and sees the alpha looking at him. Hannibal looks like he’s torn between fury and admiration at the gauntlet Will has thrown down.

Will smiles and says “I could see him for therapy. Wouldn't want to burn all the bridges.

” Ms. Kimora sighs “I’ll talk with him and see what I can do. You are right, the court ruling would be in your favor and understandably so.”

“Oh thank you dear! Goodbye!” Will ends the call and tilts his head with a smirk on his face. “You may be the alpha of your house.”

Will saunters up to him. He stops at Hannibal’s shoulder. “But you are not my alpha. I can play your game.” Will tilts his head and hoods his eyes. He leans in close and whispers in his ear.

“Not everyone finds you interesting.”

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

> Sorry this chapter is so short. I've been having frustrating computer problems. So the tenses and grammar maybe worse than usual. Hopefully they will be resolved soon. Thanks for all the comments and kudos! No I have not forgotten about the other Will. Hopefully update will be coming up soon for that section.

"He has checked himself out today. I had gone home to change and make some arrangements but when I returned he was gone. He has also been talking about not being able to smell pheromones."

"Pheromones?"

"Yes like an animal scents to identify sex."

"Do you think he is stuck in Randall Tiers head?"

Hannibal's phone rings. The caller ID says it's Ms. Kimora. He puts a smile in his voice. "Good Morning Ms. Kimora" Hannibal says.

"Hello Dr. Lecter. "

"How are you enjoying your trip?"

"Well it was fabulous until I received a call from Will Graham."

"Yes?"

"What have you been doing to him? I explained to you he is a very temperamental, artistic type. This ordeal has been hell on him, and now he says he wants me to find another guardian. Did you really take him to a crime scene?"

“He is an interesting omega and very temperamental just as you described. I did take to a crime scene to shock him back into reality. Will believes there is no such thing as alphas and omegas. The stress of his traumas has made him dissociate from any gender identity. He also believes he is an agent with the FBI."

“Really? You think that has come from shock? You did not tell me that. He sounded so normal on the phone.”

”I thought this dissociation was temporary but it has been on going on for a while now. Will has even taken to researching about alphas and omegas, as though it is a new concept to him. I did not want to alarm you. I think I can still draw out the old Will with some more time."

"Is he broken?"

"No, he just needs to remember. But I did have to assert my dominance over him in my home. He has been disrespectful and rude."

"Oh Hannibal ! I am so sorry. I do not know what to do. He is threatening to break his contract with us. He may have grounds to go through with it."

"If you give me a few days before you find another guardian, I can have my lawyers look over the contract. I can try to placate William into staying. If not, maybe I can help you pick a suitable candidate and we can have William start therapy. I also need to warn you, I have not been able to get him to play his violin for me."

"Shit! Seriously! She sighs deeply. "Alright I’ll give you a few days and then if William does not tell me he has decided to stay I’ll give you a list of candidates. Thank you for your help Hannibal."

"Not a problem." Hannibal smiles.

The Other Will

“You don’t recognize me William?” Hannibal asks as he open Will’s eyes with his thumbs, looking at his pupils.

“Do you think he has a concussion, Dr. Lecter?” Asks Jack.

“Do you know this man, William?” Hannibal says pointing at Jack.

Will looks at the man Lecter is pointing to.

“No, sorry.” Will shakes his head.

“Do you know how you got here?” Asks Jack.

“I was being chased. I fought off an attack, but not before he stabbed me.” Will lifts his hand and shows Hannibal the blood stained area.

“Do you know your attacker, Will?” Hannibal asks. His eyes narrow as he looks at Will. ‘Is this a ruse to use against him or Jack? It certainly is a different tactic than Will has ever used before.’

“Yes. It was an alpha named Tobias Budge.” Will grits out between sharp stings of pain. His shivering had started in full force, making the pain searing.

“Will that’s impossible!” Jack says exasperated as he waves the EMT’s over.

“Typical!” Will huffs out. “One alpha protecting another.” Will turns his eyes away from Jack.

“It’s not about protection Will. Tobias Budge is dead. He has been for almost a year.” Lecter calmly explains.

"How did he die?"

"I killed him."

Will barks out a laugh, "Well good for you. He deserved it!"

Before Lecter can answer the EMT’s surround Will. They tend to Will’s wound and load him into the ambulance.

“Do you need me to go with you William?” Lecter asks.

Will looks at Hannibal, “Sure, whatever.” Will closes his eyes as he lays back. All he wants to do is sleep and wake from this nightmare of a day.

****

At the hospital emergency room the doctors confer with Lecter. Will has been stabbed on his left side underneath his rib cage. No vital organs were pierced, There would be discomfort and some recovery time, but Will could be released in a day or two. Hannibal is informed that Will is resting and is going to be moved to a room in a couple of hours.

Lecter calls Jack and informs him of the situation. He goes home to change clothes and cancel his appointments for the rest of the day. Hannibal decides to convince Will to stay with him during his recovery. His *becoming* is coming along nicely.

When Hannibal returns to the hospital to sit with Will, he walks into an empty room. Housekeeping is stripping the bed.

“Excuse me. Where is the patient that was in this room?” He asks.

“Um… I don’t know. They said that the patient was released. So I came up to clean. You might wanna ask the nurses.” Shrugs the woman in blue scrubs.

Hannibal goes to the nurses desk. He is feeling perturbed that no one bothered to call him.

“Excuse me, where is Will Graham? I am his doctor.”

“Oh yes, Dr. Lecter. Will Graham checked himself out about two hours ago.”

“He’s just had surgery. Why wasn't I informed?” Hannibal’s mouth set in a line, his eyes hardened. Where had William gone? Who drove him to Wolf Trap? Jack?

“I’m sorry Dr. Lecter we didn't know we needed to contact you. We tried to convince Mr. Graham to stay but his injuries weren't life threatening and he is an adult. There was no psychiatric hold on him. So we had to release him."

"Did someone pick him up?"

"I don’t know but I’ll call transport and see if they remember."

The nurse call transport and after a few moments, she comes back to Lecter. He gives her a reassuring smile to smooth over his earlier anger. Maintaining good relations were imperative so he could come and go as he pleased at the hospital.

Transport says that Mr. Graham got into a taxi. There is something else doctor. I'm not sure if it is important but Mr. Graham kept asking if there was damage to his nose. He kept saying he couldn't smell anybody's pheromones. He seemed very agitated about this. I thought you might want to know."

"Thank you for your help."

Lecter walks out of the hospital. In an hour he's in Wolf Trap at William's house. There is no one in the house. The blue tarp covering the window Randall Tier must have broken was shuttering in the wind. Lecter opens the door and lets the dogs out. There is no evidence that Will has been home since the attack that morning. Will wouldn't leave his dogs without heat. He would make arrangements. Hannibal calls Jack as he feeds the dogs.

"Hannibal?"

"Sorry to disturb you Jack but have you heard from Will?"

"Um no.. I meant to call the hospital but Bella is having a rough night."

"He may be. He has not been home to take care of the dogs."

"That's not good. Give me the information you have from the hospital. I'll get people from the bureau to try and locate Will."

Hannibal makes arrangements for someone to come and get the dogs until Will can be found.

Chapter 12

Will hands Franklyn his phone. Will is watching Hannibal speaking with ‘his sponsor’ on his cell. The alpha eyes latched onto his and Will can't look away. Franklyn's annoying voice recedes into the background as Will's blood pounds in his ears. Hannibal clicks off his cell and walks in Will 's direction, his chest starts to constrict. The omega feels his breath start to come in short bursts. When Will's hand moves to his chest, Hannibal catches it in his own.

"William you are having a panic attack. You need to slow your breathing down. Try to take slow breaths."

Hannibal circles his other arm around Will 's back to grab him before he sinks to the floor. One of the board members comes up to the couple.

"Is there any where I can take him to settle? Somewhere quiet?"

"Of course! The dressing rooms are just back here. Do you think he can rehearse?"

"I don't think today will be wise. It may have been too soon after the incident. I'll let you know."

Lecter smiles as he leads Will back to one of the rooms. He pushes Will onto a couch. He kneels before him holding his hand," Will, can you hear me? Look at me." He commands.

Will 's eyes fly open and lock onto Hannibal's eyes. He uses the eye contact to focus his mind in the moment, so he can slow the pace of his breathing. Will's breathing returns to normal. He swallows. "Thanks" He says to a pleased alpha.

"That is very clever calling her and manipulating the situation so skillfully. You are very strong willed to defy your instincts. But as you see your body betrays you. That is why you had a panic attack for betraying your alpha.

"Hannibal speaks calmly as he explains the facts of the situation to Will.

"Well, I have learned a few things about manipulation from you. You are a master at it. Will wipes the sweat from his brow; his eyes flickering to the open door.

Hannibal gracefully gets up and quietly closes the door.

Will sighs deeply, " I had a panic attack because... ‘You are a sadistic cannibalistic killer who just lost your prey, for a lack of better word he thinks.’ But he says,“I was overwhelmed by all the people. I have no alpha. You are not my alpha. Apparently those instincts to obey are biological. I would have felt that no matter what. Any alpha could elicit that response." Will huffed looking at his hand with a look of indifference. He has no idea of the look that shows through Lecter’s mask.

Fury. Unbridled pure fury… 'How dare he?! He is not any alpha! He is Will's alpha! William should be looking to him for guidance and protection!'

Will at the last moment senses it because his head snaps up and he looks at Hannibal. Before he can get up, Hannibal is on his lap straddling his hips. His hands have Will's wrists held by his sides. Hannibal has his face so close to Will's that he moves his head backward until it hits the wall. Will is trapped by a very dangerous predator. His fucking mouth has gotten him into trouble again. Willfully over confident because Hannibal was off balance, Will had forgotten who he was dealing with… the Ripper.

"Look at me." Hannibal quietly demands. Will tentatively raises his eyes to Hannibal's face. There is no negotiation with him. There is only obedience. Will shudders in a shaky breath.

"I have been patient with you little one. I have tolerated rudeness far beyond what I normally would. I have endured your willful disobedience and snarky attitude because of what and who you are. The traumatic circumstances that have caused you to be placed into my care,has stayed my hand. But I have my limits, like any man." Hannibal takes a moment to let his words sink in before continuing. Will slowly nods his head showing he understands his circumstances. Hannibal inhales Will's scent to calm himself and to remind him why he wants this omega alive.

"I may not be your alpha yet. But I am your alpha and you are my omega. I expect you to treat me with the respect and courtesy I deserve. I will treat you the same. You will not call anyone else to get out of this arrangement. You will follow my instructions. In return I will take care of you, and if you will allow it, court you lavishly." Hannibal lips are so close to Will's they are ghosting over them.

Will's brain is telling him to say whatever he needs to survive but curiosity has become a weakness of his as of late. He swallows. "If I don't?"

Hannibal gives a deep dark chuckle. "It will end badly for you."

"On your table? Instead of sitting at it?"

Suddenly Hannibal's eyes dilate with lust. Never has anyone instantly understood him so completely. Will's empathy was a marvel. Hannibal decides to loosen his grip on his control. His lips capture Will's. Will gasps, allowing Hannibal's tongue entrance. Will inhales Hannibal's scent deeply. Will's body begins to relax and he feels aroused. His pants feel wet, but not where they normally would. He tenses from the strange sensation. Hannibal becomes more aggressive in his pursuit of Will's mouth. He pushes out more pheromones to relax Will. He can smell and feel Will's response to him.

Will's mind becomes hazy with desire. It's been such a long time since he has felt lust, someone's lust for him. People lust for his mind all the time but a man has needs. He needs to feel love; physical love, even if it is only temporary. He wants to put his hands on Hannibal. He tries lifting his hands up but Hannibal holds them down tight. Will whimpers at the restraint.

Hannibal comes back to himself. He *wants,* but now is not the place. He is pleased with the omegas reaction. They are truly compatible.

Hannibal leans back. "Do we have an understanding?"

Will nods his acquiescence. "Yes" He says looking up at Hannibal through his lashes.

Hannibal removes his hand and strokes Will's jaw. He leans his head forward carding his hand through Will's curls.

"Beautiful" He whispers.

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the kudos and comments!! Sorry I haven't responded like I know i should.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As Hannibal strokes Will's face, he casts his eyes down demurely in an attempt to hide his thoughts. As the fog of lust lifts Will realizes that he has Hannibal on the run. This Hannibal is desperate not to let him go, that's strong leverage in his favor.

Hannibal whispers. "That's an interesting statement that you made before. What do you mean by it?" He nuzzles Will's neck making the question feel like foreplay. Will knows he means the table statement.

Will chuckles and shakes his head. "Now Hannibal, what fun would it be if I tell you? You like puzzles. You like to see what happens when you move a piece on the chessboard. You figure it out." He looks up at the tin plate ceiling momentarily getting lost in the pattern.

Hannibal pushes Will's chest back into the couch. He takes Will's chin in his hand and holds it firmly. Hannibal's eyes hold Will still. Will's eyes grow large and he swallows thickly.

"If you are trying to convince me to stay this not the approach you want to use Doctor."

Hannibal's eyes darken, his hunger, impatience, and dominance rolls off of him. Will feels himself whimper. Will isn't sure if he feels afraid or aroused. God he hopes it is fear.

"I want you to tell me what that statement means, William. Now." A true alpha command.

"I know what you are. I understand you better than anyone else. In this reality you may not know me, but I do know you. I know what you are capable of and how far you'll go." Will sputters out.

“In this reality?" Hannibal hums and then says. "Tell me something that you know. That people may not know through any obvious means.”

“I know that you have a former patient named Randall Tier that thinks he is an animal. He has made an animal suit. He tells everyone you cured him but you didn’t. You’ve encouraged him in his animalistic killing fantasy.” Will pants, his pupils are dilated, his breathing shallow. Will feels his body responding to the feel of the powerful alpha above him. Will has kept his eyes on his lips.

Hannibal releases Will’s face. He cards his hand through Will’s curls enjoying the involuntary shudder that runs through Will. He hums a contemplative sound. If Will knows this... how? Is his story possibly true? Another reality, another Hannibal? Will is right about Randall. Will Graham is becoming more intriguing as well as dangerous. Hannibal will have to act soon.

Suddenly there is knock at the door. Hannibal gets up and smoothes down his pants. He holds his hand up to his lips for Will to be quiet.

"Yes?"

"Dr. Lecter, is everything all right?" They hear Franklyn whine. Hannibal rolls his eyes and Will snorts a laugh quickly covering his mouth to stifle the sound.

Hannibal grabs Will's hand and pulls him roughly off the couch. Will stumbles a couple of steps before colliding into Hannibal's side. He takes the opportunity to put his arm around the slighter man's shoulder. He puts his hand behind Will's head pushing him into Hannibal's neck. His hand slips down to Will's neck and he squeezes. Will's body goes limp and Hannibal bends down grasping behind his knees so he can lift Will into his arms.

He kicks the door open, barely missing Franklyn. Franklyn jumps back and bumps into a rack of clothing. He is distracted by trying to keep the clothes from falling, giving Hannibal enough time to slip out the back exit with his prize.

****

Will startles awake in the car. He looks at Hannibal, "I wish you would stop doing that."

"To avoid Franklyn I needed you incapacitated." Hannibal curls his lips in amusement.

"Jack and his wife Will be joining us for dinner tomorrow. I suspect that he wants to discuss the case. Do you need me to run interference?"

"Thanks for the offer but I'm a big boy"

"Are you now?" Smirks Hannibal. He momentarily takes his eyes off of the road, glancing at Will.

Will blushes as he looks at his lap. He turns his head toward Hannibal slightly. "Are you flirting with me?"

Hannibal barks out a laugh. "Your candor is refreshing, I must say Will."

"Refreshing? Well I know how you like things fresh." Will grins back.

Hannibal allows himself to stare at Will as they idle at a red light. He takes in the smiling relaxed Will Graham. He finds that he likes this version. He would be gorgeous with his face colored in the blood of Hannibal's kills. Hannibal sniffs looking out and hitting the accelerator when the light changes.

"Have you thought about what you want to do about your heat?" He asks casually

"My heat?! God Hannibal! That seems like a personal question." Will frowns rubbing his face.

"It is a personal question and please forgive me for asking... "But we are living in the same household. I need to prepare for what you want to happen."

"Happen? I don't know. I'll let you know."

"Don't wait too long. You will be starting in a few days."

"How do you know that?"

"I can smell it on you."

"Of course you can." Will nods with his whole body.

Will had only touched on omega heat in his research. He needs to do some more reading on it; so he can make a decision on what to do about the situation, just another complication in a complicated situation.

As Hannibal pulls into the garage he says "We can discuss it in our session later this afternoon."

"Maybe" Will opens the door to the car before Hannibal shuts it off. He doesn't care if it is rude or not. He knows Hannibal is pushing buttons for a reaction. He walks through the kitchen heading toward the stairs. Hannibal calls out that he's starting lunch. Will heads up to his room shutting the door quietly behind him. He needs to figure out his strategy. In the other reality the bait had been friendship and his *becoming* . Now more than friendship was needed to catch the big fish. Will doesn't know if he can gamble at love with a cannibal, and he is alone, no Jack for some sort of back up.

Will sits on the bed sighing. He looks over at his luggage. He spies the violin case. He always wanted to learn the violin but couldn't afford lessons, let alone the instrument. Will gets up and picks up the case. He opens it up, tentatively touching the wood. His fingers gently caress the wood as he follows the curve of the instrument. Will feels a shiver like the expectation of a lover.

He picks it up as well as the bow. He places the violin under his chin like he did in the videos. Will had watched the other Will on YouTube. He was good. Will bites his bottom lip hoping for muscle memory.

"Well, here goes nothing." He whispers to himself.

Will draws the bow across the strings. It sounds like nails on a blackboard. Sheesh. Will grimaces. Try. Try again he mumbles to himself. He places his fingers on the strings on the neck. He places them intuitively. That's all he has in this situation, his gut. He closes his eyes, holds his breath, and draws the bow again. And there is music, or at least the beginnings of it. Will resists the urge to pump his fist and yell. Instead he closes his eyes, begins to play a piece he hears in his head. He doesn't think, he feels. It feels genuine. Will understands why the other Will chose this profession. The violin grounds him to the moment. The feelings are from him and his interpretation of the music. It's all him. No confusion about whose emotion it is. It feels wonderful. Will smiles as he pulls the bow through the last note.

He hears clapping. Will turns to find Hannibal leaning against the doorframe. A smile graces his lips.

"You play divinely, William. Sorry to intrude but I couldn't help myself when I heard you playing. Your reputation is well deserved."

Will finds himself beaming and preening at the praise from Hannibal. He feels the omega side overjoyed with making the alpha proud. He casts his eyes down and tries to stifle the smile. He walks over to the case, placing the violin into it. He touches the wood before he closes the case.

"It's not my talent. It's the other Will's" He confesses.

"Well I'm glad he let you borrow it then. Lunch is ready by the way." Hannibal smiles.

Chapter End Notes

Here is a link to what Will played a very small piece

http://m.youtube.com/watch?v=4ldAkpoX7HI

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

> Okay I've added some more tags..so please read over. I know some of Will's action are considered oc. But I think being thrown into an alternate universe that dark Will would come out and play. I think Will's inner monster is all teeth and claws powered by raw emotions. Anyway.....

That afternoon that Will had played the violin, no therapy session happened. Hannibal was called to an emergency session lasting well into the evening. Will took the chance to look over the house. He was unsuccessful in finding any evidence. He really didn't think Hannibal would leave any incriminating information out but it passed the time.

Will did some research on heats. His face paled the more he read. Will wasn't sure if he was more disturbed by the loss of control and likelihood of pregnancy, or the romantic stories surrounding it. To Will it seems like nothing more than an excuse for rape, and alpha control. He wonders if there is any real omega nonfiction on the subject in Lecter's library. Will also contemplates this bond. Is it stronger in the favor of the alpha or the omega? Could he use it against Hannibal? A dangerous tool for someone like Hannibal to have. After an annoyed Hannibal returns from work, they have dinner. Will claims to be tired and retires early. He bolts his door.

The next evening is dinner with Jack and Bella. Will wonders if Bella is an omega or a beta. Could she be an alpha? Did they do that? Would it be like a same sex couple relationship? Does society look down it? Probably… Will shakes his head ruefully.

As he is thinking about society, and morality, he is trying to decide what to wear. The real omega Will has some really nice clothes. Not as expensive as Hannibal's but snappy. He wonders if the other Will is sociable or if he just fakes it well.

Will smells him before he sees him. This pheromone thing is really helpful. If this is how the other Hannibal smells, Will needs to be careful of whomever he is around.

"Yes?" Will doesn't bother turning around.

"Do you need help picking something out?" Hannibal lingers at the door.

Will feels he is dying to dress him. If he is snarky then Hannibal Will leave but if he defers to the alpha maybe he'll let his guard down. 'Not a chance he thinks. But then again what could it hurt?' He rationalizes.

"Do you..." Will moves his hand in a circle above the clothes on the bed "have any suggestions?" He doesn't turn around. He needs time to compose his face into a neutral look.

"May I come in?"

"Ever the gentleman. Please come in." Will thrusts his hands into his pockets ducking his head to his chest.

Hannibal hesitates for a split second. His is eyes narrow with curiosity. A change in behavior and stance, what is dear William up to? He enters the room and stands beside Will at the bed. He sees an exquisite blue blazer at the edge of the bed.

"This one." He points to it.

"What no tie?" Will puts his hand to his chest.

"No. This is casual. Besides you would look better in a collar." Hannibal smirks at the omega.

"Your joking right?"

"I would never joke about a collar sweet Will."

"Please leave before I say something I regret." Will barely keeps the disgust from his voice.

"I know collars are seen as very traditional but I have found many omegas prefer them to tattoos. Do you prefer tattoos William?"

"I prefer a wedding band."

"How beta."

"How beta?"

"Yes William. But I guess you are unaware since you are from another reality. But betas cannot bond, therefore they marry. They do not have mating bites to show or enhance. So they use a ring and paper." Hannibal's mouth turns up at the corners.

Will's face darkens with anger; his eyes a steely blue. Hannibal wants to lick his lips at the sight but resists.

"So now you are mocking me." Will says as he sets his jaw and looks out the window.

Hannibal sighs "No. I know that you think this delusion is real; that you are from somewhere else. But I cannot in good conscious let you continue in that belief, especially with your heat coming up."

"You are concerned about this. Are you afraid you'll lose your strict control Dr. Lecter? Afraid I'll see you shatter like a teacup hitting the floor? That you'll know what it feels like to be manipulated and controlled when your brain is on fire?" Will has moved forward aggressively standing in the alpha' s space. His fingers are clenching into a fist. He looks Hannibal in the eye. Will knows it is a challenge to an alpha but he doesn't care. He is tired of all this dancing.

Hannibal's nostrils flare as he takes in the omega's scent. He’s so close to being ripe for the picking. Will's aggressive defiance is arousing. He likes a little spunk to keep things interesting. Claiming Will would be such a glorious fight, his submission a marvelous trophy.

He is not aware of what has happened in Will's past, but it has colored his perception of Hannibal. That will have to change. Hannibal looks down at Will, placing his hand gently on Will's throat. "No little one I am not afraid of losing control. I want you willing so we will both enjoy your heat, your true becoming."

Will puts his hand on Hannibal's chest smiling. Suddenly Hannibal feels himself falling backwards. Will had hooked his foot around his knee and is using his hands to push the alpha backwards. Hannibal twists slightly as he falls, trying to grab ahold of something but his chin hits the nightstand. The impact leaves a bloody scrape across his chin. Before Hannibal can speak, Will has a fillet knife at his throat. He can feel the tip pushing into his jugular. Hannibal is impressed with Will's speed, skill, and cunning. He’s also pissed at himself for not having noticed the missing knife, and for letting his guard down, missteps that will not be repeated.

"Pretty good for a delusional man with imaginary FBI training. I'm not worried about you losing control either, because if you do, I'll introduce you to a couple of serial killers that are still hanging around in my head. Whether you believe me about where I come from or not, you better believe this. After you are dead I will not honor you. You will simply disappear." Will is breathing heavy, shaking with adrenaline. "I am NOT your typical omega!"

Hannibal puts up his hands speaking softly "Will I understand. I apologize for offending you. I respect your truth. Please hand me the knife."

Will moves off of Hannibal still holding the knife towards him. Will knows better than to let his guard down, especially now. "I think I'll be keeping this. Just in case. Thank you Dr. Lecter. I am sure you understand my predicament."

"It's part of a set William."

"Then I'll make sure I take good care of it, and after I use it. I'll make sure I wipe the blood off of it."

Will hears a soft feminine gasp. He turns his head just in time to see Bella being pulled back by Jack out of the doorway. Hannibal lunges for the knife and Jack grabs Will's other arm. Hannibal squeezes Will's hand until he drops knife. Jack cuffs his hands behind his back with a zip tie. Will twists and turns angrily.

"Fucking really?! He is threatening to rape me! I should be able to defend myself."

"Hannibal?" Jack looks at him.

"His heat is coming up. When I asked him what he wanted to do or where to go, I inadvertently attacked his delusion of his self identity." Hannibal answers smoothly.

"Will became violent. Please don't blame him Jack. He is suffering from severe trauma." Hannibal puts on a sympathetic face.

"Don't you dare look at me like that! You have no right!" Will's voice pitches in agitation.

"When an omega brain is abused and experiences a severe trauma like yours Will..."

"I am not abused! If I am it's by your hand!" Emotion breaks in his voice. His eyes tear up and a few drops fall to his cheeks. 'I will not cry! Stop it! Don't give him the satisfaction!' Will tells himself.

"See how he is suffering Jack?" Hannibal is on one knee beside Will carding his hand in curls while rubbing his back with his other hand. He feels the need to comfort and protect his omega.

"I don't know, Dr. Lecter. I'm concerned by what I saw. Do we need to put him with Chilton? He can be monitored 24 hours a day."

"Do you think I can't take care of one omega?" Hannibal growls

"No. No I am not implying that at all. But he is unstable."

"I realize that Jack. If another incident like this one occurs again. I will be forced to do that. But that is not what William needs now. Could you bring me my black medical bag from my study. It is on the desk."

While Jack leaves Bella takes a tentative step into the room. Will is shaking with quiet sobs. Still trying to twist out of Hannibal's grasp although feebly.

"May I be of assistance, Dr. Lecter?" She asks softly

"Please Bella. I am not doing much to soothe him."

Bella settles down beside Will. She wraps her arms around Will, his head rolls to her shoulder. She begins to hum. Will smells white roses and winter sunshine. "Your an omega." Will mumbles into her neck.

"Yes dear I am. Preheat can be a trying time. Alphas do not understand. They think it's like rut but we have more hormones. Our testosterone levels rise high. With male omegas that already have a higher level than females already, I am sure it is off the scale."

"Which leads to aggression?"

"Yes. I can't tell you how many times I have sent Jack to a motel because I wanted to beat him because...He was breathing… she giggles. Of course he'll never admit how nervous he was I would." She smiles hugging him closer as Will softly laughs with her.

Hannibal watches with a little longing but he knows that it is an omega gift to soothe their own kind so well.

Jack returns with Hannibal's bag. "Please Hannibal, Don't sedate me. Just let me rest. I'll be good." Will sighs out the last part.

"Okay but I'll keep the zip tie on a little longer." Hannibal helps Will to stand; he pulls back the covers on the bed. Bella moves the clothes to a chair. Will settles inside while Hannibal covers him. As He does he tells Bella and Jack to meet him downstairs.

"Rest sweet William. I'll save some dinner for you."

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

A heat and fever.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will drifts in and out of a fitful slumber. He keeps dreaming of drifting on a boat off of the gulf coast. Will is lying in the boat under the shade of an old baseball hat. He is hot even though his shirt is open. He feels the breeze whip around him as he floats on the clear blue water. He closes his eyes turning his face toward the sun inhaling deep.

Will feels warm air caress the curls on the back of his neck. The swirl of warm air tickles him making Will twist away from the source. He doesn't get far before he feels the boat rock back, tilting him into something soft. Will's hands flail around to grab hold of something to stay upright. He feels instead something encircle his waist and growl.

Will stills like a deer in headlights. He opens his eyes slowly. The zip tie has been taken off. The room is dark but it's not the guest room he is in. He is still in the clothes he had on before but he feels his skin is suffocating in them. He rises, or tries to when he realizes that he is not alone in the bed.

As he sits up someone sits up beside him, puts a hand on his arm. He thinks they are asking if he is all right. The voice starts out soft muffled in cotton, before suddenly becoming dreadful loud. Will's hands cover his ears. He curls into himself... He feels intense anticipation... almost like he is afraid, excited... like the game is about to begin.

Will smells an alpha in the bed… He feels the alpha hands take hold of his arms bringing them down from his ears. His voice becomes clear, soft, whispers of concern. He is asking Will something. Will turns his head slightly so he can hear the question.

"What did you say?"

"It's me Will, Hannibal. Do your remember coming in here?"

When Will doesn't answer, Hannibal continues. He smells Will's heat and couldn't be more delighted that the omega came to his bed.

"Will, you are in heat. The chance to leave has passed. I can help you through your heat. You won't have to spend it alone." Hannibal nuzzles behind Will's ear making him shiver.

"Won't we bond?"

"Not necessarily. I would need to bite you but I don't have to."

"You would though." Will wheezes out as a flash of heat and pain grips him. His curls are dripping wet. His clothes are starting irritate him. "You've been thinking about this. Or am I just an easy fuck?"

"Will... language…" Hannibal growls. He moves in to brush their lips together. William is not completely in the throws of his heat but he is getting closer. Hannibal feels he can push him over the edge. But he should have known that nothing with Will is simple.

As Will’s lips meet Hannibal's, he has two conflicting desires. One is to flee from Hannibal, make it to the panic room locking him out. It seems like the most logical choice. The other is to make Hannibal prove himself. Omegas were not the docile creatures in these legends Will had read. Omegas were fierce cunning partners to Alphas. Alphas had to prove themselves by catching and subduing their omega. The harder it was the better the omega and the coupling. It was a fierce primal foreplay. In Will's fevered state, it sounded like a lot of fun. Something Will had been missing in his life, well one of many.

Will bites onto Hannibal's lower lip hard enough to draw blood. Hannibal moves back, Will hits Hannibal in the chest knocking the wind out of him. As Will jumps off the bed he says, "I won't be that easy Dr.! If you want me you'll have to catch me, before I get out and find someone who is worthy." He hears Will running down the hall.

Hannibal is momentarily stunned. Not by the blow, but by the turn of events. This he had not expected or planned for. He growls in excited anticipation. Will was his mate. There was no doubt in his mind. Only his true mate would make him prove himself. Will was like no other omega. No one would have him but Hannibal.

Hannibal gathers himself up, running after Will. Hannibal jumps down the stairs scenting the air but he feels disoriented. Hannibal looks around and sees why. The clever boy has dropped clothing in as many rooms as he can to throw Hannibal into confusion. Hannibal couldn't wait to take Will.

As soon as Will left Hannibal's room he started to remove clothing. He tosses a sock here, over there, he tears his shirt apart throwing pieces everywhere. Will knows Hannibal will fall back to his nose. Will runs to the kitchen finding the French doors and opening them. The cool air feels glorious on his hot skin. He steps out briefly but has no intention of going out. Will was not fully heat drunk, he was lucid enough to decide he was not going to be mated to just anyone. The devil you know right?

He doubles back into the dining room, picking up a knife and rolling pin on his way. He smells, hears, and sees Hannibal look at the open doors and stop dead in his tracks. Will smothers a laugh. Hannibal steps outside.

Hannibal can't believe it when he sees that the French doors are open. He feels a growl of anger start in his chest. No! No! This is not how this ends. Hannibal steps outside, as he does he hears footsteps running upstairs. He laughs as he shoots inside.

He picked up his pace as he sees Will heading upstairs. He knows if Will hits that panic button and he is outside the room. He will lose Will. Hannibal makes a leap and grabs Will's ankle. He doesn't catch him but Will does trip. As Will attempts to get up, Hannibal smiles as he crawls up to grab Will. Hannibal barely ducks the rolling pin swung at his head. His arms come up to block the next swing. He catches the pin, wrestling it from Will. Will snaps at Hannibal's arm as he crawls and gropes his way to the knife on the floor. Will gets the knife, as his knees cross the threshold. Hannibal grabs the arm with the knife as they claw at each other.

As the couple wrestles across the room, Hannibal suddenly stops. He gets up before Will realizes, and Hannibal pushes the panic button. The steel doors come down locking them in together. Hannibal crosses his arms looking smugly at Will when the knife flies by his head, burying itself into the wall.

He looks at Will whose face breaks out into a huge smile. He places his hand on his belly while he takes a huge laugh. Hannibal genuinely smiles with a laugh.

"I should be grateful you didn’t try to hit me."

"I was trying, but I am better with a gun."

Will looks ravishing with ruddy checks and his body gleaming from sweat. Hannibal walks toward him slowly.

Chapter End Notes

Okay.....bummer...I gotta have time to gear up for smut...consider it smut play.;)

Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Sex...just heat sex

Chapter Notes

Okay if the sex feels like teenage virgin fumbling around the dark...that's becuase this where my smut cherry is broken. Though I did sacrifice reading lots of smut to try and write the best scene I could. Not sure it took but here we go.

Grammar sucks like Hannibal...bawhahaha.....okay cough.. as long as I'm laughing is all that matters.

Enjoy

Hannibal walks toward his omega, because that is what Will is… He just didn't know it yet. Will is correct in assuming that Hannibal is going to bond with him. Hannibal has come too far to turn back now.

Will's pupils are growing larger with every step. He backs away from Hannibal. His nostrils flare as he scents Hannibal. His arousal, his scent is intoxicating to Will. Will's empathetic mind starts to be invaded by Hannibal's desires. The obsession for total consumption is overwhelming.

Will's knees buckles before he reaches the bed, a whimper slips through his lips. He is trembling from anticipation. Will has experienced desire, lust, and longing... He is no virgin to want or physical love... at least with women. This longing to be claimed, possessed, adored, and sheltered is something different. He instinctively knows Hannibal can fulfill these physical and mental cravings.

Will swallows nervously. He is scared to death about the whole sex and bonding thing. But the way Hannibal smells and the level of arousal he feels is like nothing he has felt before;

even being a horny sixteen year old who'd masturbated three times a day is nothing compared to this itch he really *really* needs to scratch right now.

Hannibal puts his hand on Will's shoulders gently so he doesn't scare the omega. Hannibal suddenly finds Will's hands around his neck and a feral growl in his ear.

"You better be ready to make this the best fucking I have ever had. Don't even think your going to bond with me if it's not. I won't be saddled with a limp dick alpha. I'll gut you like a pig and serve you to the Baltimore opera society."

Hannibal's eyes become totally black. He bares his teeth. "You say the sweetest things William. You have no idea what you do to me, but you're going to find out. And yes this will be the best fuck you'll ever have." He purrs.

Will pulls Hannibal in for a bruising kiss and the fight for dominance is on. Hannibal had felt his cock harden and his knot start to inflate as soon as Will had issued the challenge. Hannibal thinks he's falling in love, or a close as he's ever going to get to it. He'd found a mate that challenges him emotionally, spiritually, and physically.

He will claim Will, make him scream his surrender in his orgasm, and then he will guide and mentor William to his full *becoming* . Hannibal wants to howl but settles for a growl.

He grabs Will's chocolate curls, fisting his hand in them. He forces Will's mouth open. Hannibal's tongue skims Will's teeth, he then sinks his teeth into Will's lower lip, biting it until it bleeds. His other hand puts pressure on Will's neck. Will's body becomes lax.

Will hisses as Hannibal holds him upright in his arms. "You sadistic bastard!"

Hannibal just laughs darkly as he lifts Will into a fireman' s carry. He slaps Will's ass as he walks to the bed.

"Ow! You also cheat by using that damn pressure point way too much. It's lazy Dr. Lecter."

Will blows a stray curl away from his face. Hannibal throws Will down on the bed, enjoying the view of a vulnerable nude Will. He is an exquisite creature. Hannibal is barely holding onto rational thought with all his senses being invaded.

"I simply use all tools and methods that are available to me. That is hardly cheating, it is logical. You want an alpha that uses everything at his disposal William."

Hannibal bends at the foot of the bed leaning over kissing the tops of Will's feet. Will laughs but tries to hide it behind his hand. His eyes are sparkling from the laugh. Hannibal smiles at Will, he likes how Will looks happy. Something the man is lacking in his life.

"Are you ticklish William?"

"I'm taking the fifth."

"Something to remember for later."

Hannibal's hands move up Will's ankles and knees as Hannibal drags his tongue behind them. Licking lightly as he pushes Will's legs apart as he moves up Will's thighs. Will closes his eyes trying to keep calm, play it cool. His hands fist in the fitted sheets.

As Hannibal pushes Will's knees up further he licks up his thighs he hums in appreciation. Will eyes open wide as Hannibal licks behind Will's balls down toward his hole.

"What are you doing? Don't... Don't... Do that..."

"Why William? Do you not like it?"

"I...I...don't know. I haven't been through this before. Besides you're careful...what you put in your body."

Hannibal lowers Will's legs then moves himself so that he is laying on top of the omega. An instinctual move to make the omega feel safe and secure, allowing their scents to mingle. He looks at Will appraisingly.

"Are you a virgin William?"

Will huffs, rolling his eyes. "Why are we talking? Don't you feel that?"

"Feel what?"

The desire to fuck like rabbits!" Will grabs his hair looking at the ceiling.

"Maybe not like a woodland animal but yes. Communication is key. I need to know..."

"Christ on a cracker. Even during sex you psychoanalyze me! If it will get me laid. Then yes... I am virgin with men... Yes... I'm a little uncomfortable with you licking my... hole... but I can...just.....please can we get on with this...my mind...I can't think any more!"

Will's eyes are glazing over. His scent is stronger, and he feels uncomfortably wet. His skin feels like it is on fire except where the alpha touches him. Will turns his head into the pillow and feels a sob well up in his chest. Will just wants to feel better. Why wasn't someone helping him? Why wasn't the alpha helping?

Will whimpers and a tear slides down his face.

Hannibal feels his chest constrict. His omega needs him now. He strokes Will's face, wipes his tears away, and then puts his palm to his cheek.

"Shhhhh.... it's alright Will. I'm here for you. I'll be gentle. If something happens you don't like tell me to stop." Will sniffs nodding his head.

"You are so strong William. So determined to make it all on your own. So vulnerable... so gentle and tender… underneath all that vinegar. Let me help you, adore you, take care of you, love you." As Hannibal is speaking he places gentle kisses on Will's face, neck and throat. Will nuzzles into his neck purring.

Hannibal decides that he needs to change his approach with William. He starts kissing him slowly and gently. This gentle claiming draws Will's passion out. Will becomes more aggressive in his touches and kissing.

Hannibal slowly moves down Will's chest. He feels Will's defined muscles, the smooth skin. He moves his fingers to Will's nipples. Lightly flicking them, then gently caressing and squeezing to gain Will's interest from the depths of his mind.

Will moans, putting his hands in Hannibal's hair. Hannibal groans himself as he takes his time memorizing Will's chest. He moves down Will's stomach. Will clenches his stomach when Hannibal nears his scar.

"Breathe William"

"I'm trying. I guess...I am just..." Will sighs "it's sensitive."

"I think it is beautiful." Hannibal kisses it while his eyes look at Will with supplication.

"Who gave it to you? I'm almost jealous."

"Hannibal, not NOW!"

"Yes precious." Hannibal blows on Will's nipple and Will groans. Hannibal lays kisses like a foundation as he follows Will's happy trail to his hard cock. Hannibal takes the weeping head into his mouth gliding down Will's shaft. He slides down to the hilt watching Will. The omega has a look of sublime ecstasy on his face. He looks like Ganymede when Zeus was taking him.

Hannibal moves his hand down to take his scrotum in hand. He strokes it. His fingers move toward Will's leaking hole. He puts two fingers into Will's hole effortlessly. Will bucks his hips upward forcefully shoving his cock down Hannibal's throat. Hannibal chokes pulling off Will. He chuckles. "Patience William."

"Sorry. Sorry. Sorry." Will feels a desire to please the alpha. He doesn't want him to stop. He whimpers and averts his eyes. Hannibal smiles pleased. He lifts Will's legs licking down to his hole.

"Oh God."

Hannibal licks Will clean. Will is blissed out from his heat drunk. Hannibal lines himself up and then slowly enters Will. It takes what little willpower he has left not to close his eyes. He moves himself so his arms are underneath Will's shoulders. He sets a slow deep pace as he watches Will's face.

"William, look at me."

Will turns his blue eyes to Hannibal's face. They moan as Will's hips start to match Hannibal's thrusts.

"How do you feel?"

"Ahhhhhh.....fucking fantastic." Will sighs.

Hannibal starts to increase the force of his thrusts. Finding Will's sweet spot. As Will nears his release Hannibal kisses and sucks at Will's neck.

Hannibal whispers in Will's ear, "Is this the best fuck you've ever had?" Will rolls his hips groaning.

Hannibal whispers again "Can I bond with you? Have I proven myself to you?" He makes two quick hard thrusts.

Will nods his head quickly. "I need you to say it William" A gentle command.

Now is the moment of truth. Will can't deny such a gentle command from the alpha who is helping him, filling him, and making him feel secure.

"Yes my alpha." Will says looking Hannibal in the eye.

Once Hannibal hears those words, his thrusts become quick and hard. Will throws his head back when he feels the sweet release with a loud moan. Hannibal follows soon after, pushing his knot inside and,sealing them together. In that moment he sinks his teeth into Will's shoulder. He draws blood feeling the electric current forge their bond.

"Fuck!" Will gasps out. His hand comes up to cover the wound but Hannibal bats it away. He licks and sucks the wound. He smiles as he sees Will close his eyes slowly letting out a contented sigh.

Will through the Looking Glass

Chapter Notes

A collective sigh or groan or grumble but chapter on the "other Will"

Jack and Hannibal are looking over the banking statements for Will. Since Will went missing a few weeks after walking out of the hospital, the profiler has been elusive. Will is acting like he is someone else. He didn't return home, he didn't check on his pack, or called into work. Will wasn't answering any texts or calls. In desperation Jack is finally able to access his credit card activity.

"Well we know he is eating, buying new clothing, a new violin, and sheet music. There are large cash withdraws as well." Mutters Jack.

"Did you see these? How did you get an itemized receipt?" Asks Hannibal

"I know someone in corporate. But that isn't official if you know what I mean."

"Of course." Hannibal nods his head as he looks at the list from a hardware store. Will had acquired duct tape, sheets of plastic, industrial cleaning gloves, a hammer, pliers, saws, knives, and other dubious tools. If Hannibal didn't know any better, he would think Will was building a murder kit. How interesting?

"I must go. I have some errands that I need to do. Will you call if you hear from Will?"

" Yes Dr Lecter. Thanks for all your help."

****

Lecter pulls his coat tighter around himself as he walks toward his favorite coffee shop, when someone catches his attention. Hannibal stops and walks back to the bistros's door. Hannibal walks through the door looking toward the window. There sitting at the window is Will. His hair has been cut and tamed to the side. He is wearing a nice gray suit with a blue shirt. He is reading a paper while drinking an espresso.

Hannibal approaches him slowly. He inhales. Will still smells wonderful but with two subtle changes. There is lack of dog, and a new cologne. Hannibal approves.

"May I join you, Will?"

Will looks up at the alpha before him. He may not smell like an alpha but he has all the characteristics of one. This place... this other place… is freeing from the legal and social limitations of being an omega. On the other hand knowing no one can scent you, know what you are makes the omega feel lost. So he decides to use personality and physical traits to put people into the typical groups. He also opens up his empathy more than normal. He feels calm and interest roll off the alpha.

Since Will has been on his own both men and women have approached him. Will has found he has no preference for either. This does make his fishing harder in a way. With no preference or second gender apparent, it makes choices more difficult. The man standing is an alpha through and through, who seems to know the other Will.

Will briefly looks at Hannibal then motions to the chair opposite him with his hand. He places the paper on his lap as he takes a drink of espresso. Hannibal gives Will time to gather himself as he often does in their conversations.

"You were at the crime scene. Your a doctor right?" Will looks at Hannibal's tie.

"Yes. I am Dr. Hannibal Lecter. We are friends. I am a psychiatrist." Hannibal nods.

"Friends? Is that what we are Hannibal? Because that is not the feeling I get?" Will coyly smiles. He has learned during his life to use the beauty and sexuality of his gender to his advantage. He can fake sociability for select time frames.

Hannibal sits back a look of mild surprise has escaped his mask. He's not sure why he is surprised. William always surprises him in deed or tongue. Hannibal does appreciate the way the man has cleaned up. He looks as handsome as he knows Will is.

"What feeling do you get? "

"Oh… you're a psychiatrist alright. Answering a question with a question. Next you'll ask about my mother." Will chuckles.

"I have already. You said you didn't know her."

"Really? Well that's news to me. My mother is alive and well."

"Did you have a stable home life?"

Will narrows his eyes at Hannibal. "We moved around a lot from the bayou to the lakes. He followed one boyfriend or girlfriend after another."

Hannibal's face conceals his surprise. This delusion was more complex then he imagined. "Don't you mean he, as in your father?"

"No doctor. I mean a He as my mother, or some like to call carrier. Male omegas can have children it's just less likely. There are also male and female alphas. My sire or father was a male alpha."

"Are you interested in having children?"

"Are you asking me if I would be interested in courtship, mating, and if I am fertile?" Will's blush spreads across his cheeks. "Well Dr. Lecter this is very sudden."

Hannibal smiles. "I know you want a family Will. This delusion that you can have a child is an interesting development."

"Well you just took yourself out of the running then." Will laughs.

Hannibal narrows his eyes. "Many of your friends are concerned about you Will. Where have you been?"

Will shrugs. "I've been around. I've stayed at different places. I've made new friends. Recently I've been staying with a Mrs. Komeda. Lovely woman but she is leaving for Europe tonight. So I am forced to find new accommodations." Will sits back looking out the window. He turns his head slightly toward Hannibal at the end.

"How did you meet Mrs. Komeda? She is an acquaintance of mine."

"Oh I met her at one of the auditions I played at."

"You must have impressed her for her to invite you into her home."

Will just gives a full teeth smile. "So why are my friends concerned? You don't seem to be?"

"Well William, you haven't been to your home to check on your dog's or even called in to work. I have been concerned but I know you can take care of yourself." Hannibal smiles back at Will.

"I have a house?"

"Yes"

"Where is it located?"

"In Wolf Trap"

"Sounds isolated."

"It is. You have several acres and there is a forest that surrounds the property.

Where do you think you live?"

"Hmmm… Florida. I have a condo near the beach. How many dogs do I have?"

"You have seven."

Will's eyebrows shoot up. "Wow! How lonely am I?" Will says with a self-deprecating smile.

"Is that why I am seeing you? For self imposed loneliness and dog hoarding?"

Hannibal shakes his head with a smile. "Not at all. You are happy alone and your dogs give you great comfort. You see me because of your job with the FBI."

"Yes the job." Will chews his lip. He hasn't been in law enforcement for years. He thinks he could still make the leaps. His empathy has not gone away. Will muses whether this is what his life would have been like if the OPA wasn't law.

"Would you like to see you home and dogs?"

Will sighs heavily. "I need to find somewhere to stay. Sure, why not."

****

Hannibal calls Alana arranging for her to bring the dogs over. He explains how Will has been acting, and his delusions.

They arrive at Will's home. Will gets out of the Bentley. He looks at the house. He loves it. He would have bought it some place warmer. He walks across the porch looking inside the window. The bed is in the living room?. What’s up with that? He thinks.

"Here let me." Says Hannibal as he puts the key in the lock.

"You have a key?"

"I feed the dogs when you are away."

Will looks at him. "Oh yeah... friends... just friends. Do you provide me food?" Hannibal follows Will inside.

"I have cooked for you."

"Such an alpha." Says Will as he looks around. The decor is from previous owners. There is table for lures. There is a motor on the floor. Will bends down to look. It's been years since he's worked on one. Will smiles at the way things are the same but also different. Will hears a car slam.

"Who is that?"

"I called Alana. I asked her to bring your dogs."

Will heads out smiling. The dogs rush to him in a flurry of fur and tongues. Some stop to sniff and whine, others run back to Alana, and Winston growls. Alana looks at Hannibal in shock. Hannibal raises an eyebrow. Curious.

Still looking at Will through the Looking glass

Chapter Notes

> A small update ...Yes other Will....but I think Will be worth it....more on our Will..soon precious....very soon

Alana looks at Hannibal, she leans in and whispers "What is going on?! You said Will is delusional." Can dog's pick up on that?"

Hannibal uncharacteristically shrugs his shoulders as Will approaches. Will smiles as he walks up to them. He briefly takes in Alana's appearance and expression. 'Maybe beta.' He thinks.

"Hello. You are Dr. Bloom?"

"Yes Will. It's me, Alana. Don't you remember me?"

Will tilts his head looks Alana up and down. He starts to nod his head and then smiles shaking it instead.

"Sorry, you are striking but no, I don't know you."

"Maybe you need to go back to the hospital for evaluation. The bureau would pay… needs to pay… for treatment. You need help Will." Alana frowns looking at Will.

Will cocks an eyebrow. He studies Alana.

"Why do I need help? Maybe my interests have changed? I feel like you've been pushing for Will… I mean me... to quit the field. Now I have."

What about your pack Will? You've abandoned them. That's not the Will Graham I know." Alana shifts from foot to foot. Resisting the urge to reach out and take him into her arms. Will stiffens, his eyes are hard and his smile turns brittle. He looks more like himself.

"People are more than they seem. Maybe I have decided that I need more than the company of canines for comfort. I may have decided that even though I am considered broken and unstable that I am still entitled to love. Even though, I have been reclusive in the past, that I have touched starved myself to the point that I crave human contact and connection." Will glances in Hannibal's direction.

"Or I could be so tired of being used as a divining rod for serial killers or a psychological experiment for any self serving alpha that demands it, that I'm ready to put my foot down on their necks!" Will walks closer toward Alana backing her up to her car. His face turns into a snarl, his voice becoming louder until Alana bumps into her car looking at Hannibal.

Will stops walking, smiling as he says "Or not... I 'm just unstable Will."

Will ducks his head running his hands down his face and swallowing. "Sorry... I'm just not myself. I feel confused."

Alana reaches out touching Will's shoulder. He flinches, and steps back turning toward Hannibal. As Will draws closer to Hannibal his grimace becomes a sly smile and a wink.

Hannibal physically steps back. His breathing increases. What is William playing at, and is he actually playing? Has Will finally decided to come over? He licks his lips watching Will walk toward his house. Will chuckles darkly to himself as he walks toward his porch. This is going to be so easy.

Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Not sure How I feel.about this chapter. We shall see.

After five days of pure bliss the reality sets in for Will. For five days, he and Hannibal had fucked, ate, slept, and strengthened their bond, and Will felt nothing but lust and… maybe even love. Will had not *let go* in such a long time. He has always been afraid of the darkness, but in this world of primal feelings and motivations it doesn't matter. Being with a cannibalistic serial killer, how bad could it, *he* actually be? Hannibal doesn't care about social norms or morals. He hates to admit it, but he's had a great time being lost in lust.

Hannibal's feelings are no longer a complete mystery. Even with Hannibal's strict control over them, the dark seems to always leak through. Good thing for Will he's used to looking into and feeling the abyss.

Will wakes up feeling sore, sated, and strangely calm… almost content… or is that Hannibal? Since their feelings are shared through the bond, discerning which feelings are genuinely Wills was harder.

Will stretches and groans as Hannibal enters their bedroom. Sometime in the night the lock had been released. Hannibal apparently moved them into the alpha's master bedroom. Will rolls onto his stomach, pillow tucked under his chin and eyes looking up at the alpha from beneath a tangle of curls. Will feels Hannibal's awe of his beauty, pride at seeing Will in his bed, and the desire to return to bed.

Will feels a small purr start in his chest; he tries to cover it up by grabbing some orange juice from the breakfast tray. He drinks too quickly and starts coughing. 'Well that took care of that.' He winces. Hannibal laughs shaking his head.

"There is no need to try and hide your natural omegan reactions. Besides I can feel your happiness, even if you don't recognize it." Hannibal sits on the bed running his fingers tips up

and down Will's back. He enjoys feeling Will's soft warm skin… as well as the bites and bruises he has left behind.

"I recognize happiness." Will huffs into the pillow.

"In others I'll wager but in yourself, maybe not as well." Hannibal's hand slips down underneath the sheet that was wrapped around Will's waist. Will bats his hand away.

"Well I guess the honeymoon is over as they say." Will pulls up the sheet as he gets up to go to the bathroom. Hannibal grabs Will's arm, which he promptly pulls out of his grip.

"No, no Dr. Lecter. You have other patients to psychoanalyze, to explain how happiness is felt by some but not others. Thanks for breakfast but I need a shower." Will walks into the bathroom, slamming the door shut and locking it.

Hannibal sighs and laughs at the emotionally high maintenance omega he has now. It's a good thing Hannibal thrives on the unique, and aesthetically pleasing. A good thing expensive and high maintenance aligned with his tastes. Hannibal knocks on the door softly and tells Will he'll be back around six tonight.

Will hears Hannibal even though he declines to speak. Will does not know why the remark pisses him off, it just did. Maybe Will can't feel real happiness or recognize it. But he knows that doesn't matter. He needs to put Lecter behind bars. He has work to do.

Will needs to control the feelings being pushed on him through the bond. He also needs to find Hannibal's second location. Will starts to plan as he finishes his shower.

Hannibal is rearranging some of his appointments so he can spend time with his newly bonded mate. Will will need extra attention with his delusions and hesitation with mating. Hannibal hears his cell ringing. He looks to see its Crawford.

"Hello Jack. To what do I owe this pleasure?"

"Dr. Lecter, I was calling to see how your omega was doing. Bella is concerned for him."

"How thoughtful of Bella to inquire. I am pleased to say Will is now bonded, which will help significantly in his recovery."

"Really? Who is the brave alpha?"

" I am."

"Oh. Well congratulations then. There is another reason I have called."

"Yes?"

"The Ripper has struck again, or at least we think so. I was wondering if you and Will could come look at the scene. I think both of your insights would be useful."

"Well that is interesting. When do we need to be there?"

"ASAP."

"Of course."

Will is on the computer when Hannibal comes home to fetch him. He walks into the study to find Will at the desk. He has turned the chair and is looking out the window. He slouches in the chair, legs splayed and arm on the arm rest, elbow bent, hand resting on his chin. Will's blue eyes are intensely focused on nothing behind his glasses. Hannibal takes a moment to admire how the mid morning sun falls on Will. He looks ethereal and he's his.

Hannibal clears his throat to alert Will to his presence. Will slowly comes out of his reverie. He doesn't turn his head; he just moves his eyes in Hannibal's direction.

"We've been asked to consult on a Chesapeake Ripper crime scene."

Will frowns turns in the chair toward the desk "but… that's impossible…"Will stops before he says too much.

"Hannibal tilts his head. "Why is that, beloved?"

Will feels Hannibal's excited curiosity as Hannibal feels Will's confusion through the bond. Will erases the history and cookies from the browser as he powers down the laptop.

"Oh... I thought the Ripper had finished his sounder. It is unusual for him to strike again so soon." 'Especially since he has been fucking me for five days straight.' Will adds silently.

"If you are uncomfortable going, I can decline Jack as your alpha. Most omegas are a little skittish after being bonded."

Will bristles at this. "And what about alphas after bonding, are they unaffected? Just the poor little omegas?" Will crosses his arms as he stands and walks around the desk to stand directly in front of Hannibal. He looks him in the eye and maintains the eye contact while he battles the urge to look away. Will's mouth is set in a line.

Hannibal is amused by the feistiness of his omega.

"Actually alphas tend to be even more protective of their new mate."

"You mean more possessive don't you?"

"It depends on whose perspective you're taking."

"Before we do this, let's come to an understanding."

Hannibal gears up for the argument with Will he knows is coming. Hannibal is preparing for the onslaught of his demands for autonomy. While in theory Hannibal has no problem with Will's independence, in reality it is something Hannibal is not prepared to fully give him. Hannibal muses that maybe he could give Will the illusion of it, but the bond and Will's keen mind will allow him to catch on quickly.

Will feels Hannibal's reluctance and control coming through the bond. He knows it is going to be a down and dirty fight but he is ready for it. Will takes a huge breath. "I make my own decisions. I don't need someone making them for me, no matter how well meaning they are. I decide when, where, and if I work, whether it's a crime scene or a concert. I don't need someone making excuses for me. I appreciate the affection." Will tries to throw a little gratitude through the bond to squelch Hannibal's ire at what he's saying.

Hannibal takes a step toward Will. Will steps back, grabbing his neck protectively. He holds his finger up. "DO NOT touch my fucking neck! You are not side tracking this conversation by using biology instead of intellect."

Hannibal stops as he feels Will's fear of manipulation. "You are aware there are other pressure points I can use. I am not using biology… or just biology... instead of intellect. We are influenced by our biology and environment. There is an evolutionary reason why omegas seek shelter with an alpha. Why alphas seek comfort with an omega. Denying your biology causes you stress. Bonding with an alpha gives you stability. I am invested in your future happiness and comfort. You are invested in pleasing me and providing healthy offspring."

"Really? That's your argument? So if I decide I don't want to go, you'll make me? You'll make me perform like it's some kind of parlor trick? How droll of you Dr. Lecter."

"William you know that's how this will play out. I respect you and your mind, but I am required by society, by law to take care of you... and before you jump to conclusions… I want to take care of you. I am on your side. I don't want to stifle you. You need to at least listen to me before you go off the deep end."

"I am not a fragile tea cup, I am not a child... I have survived all these years on my own."

"Of course William."

"You are such a condescending asshole!"

Hannibal sighs. "Let's continue this later. Jack is waiting."

"Oh what the fuck ever! Fine! Let me get my mother fuckin' coat!" Will stomps to the foyer to get his shoes and coat. He is aware Hannibal hates Will's profane language but he couldn't care less. He gets up, going to the front door and slamming it in Lecter's face.

Hannibal counts all the ways he is going to punish William. He counts all the ways he will enjoy it. He can rely on his self-control to not do it in public... for now. Hannibal opens and closes the door quietly.

They arrive at the opera house and Tobias Budge's tableau of the musician with his throat slashed open. His vocal cords turned into strings. Will circles the body.

"I've seen this before."

"What does it mean?" Asks Jack

"He is courting someone. This is a serenade. He is trying to impress them with his skill." Will stands behind the body and looks out into the audience. He wonders where Garret Jacob Hobbs is.

"Do you know who the killer is?" Hannibal inquires.

Will's eyes fade out of focus as the omega Will's memory resurfaces. He remembers Tobias and Will fighting, his rejection of Tobias, and Tobias stabbing him. His side aches. Will puts his hand over the wound.

"Will?" Hannibal feels Will fade out. The bond feels like white noise. "Will what's wrong?"

Will turns and looks Hannibal in the eye. "Tobias Budge gave the other Will this wound when Will rejected his bid for courtship. This body is from him. Tobias Budge owns a string store. You'll find human intestines in the basement. He uses them to make strings. I need some air." Will walks toward the exit door, stepping into the light. Will feels Hannibal's fury through the bond. He scrubs his hands over his face.

Hannibal looks at the body. The combination of Will's insolence from earlier, and now this blatant insult from another alpha trying to woo his omega away from him has stoked his fury. He will kill Tobias Budge for this rude slight against him, as well as the injury to his mate. Will was so distressed from the attack that he has disassociated from himself. This would not stand. Will's attention will turn back to Hannibal and their household. Hannibal looks at Jack and, turns on his heel to find Will and take him home.

Once home Will puts his coat and shoes away. His head sags as he walks into the study. Hannibal walks up quietly behind him. He grabs Will by the arms. He drags Will to the couch as he struggles.

"What the fuck!"

He pulls Will’s face down on his lap. Will knows what Hannibal is planning. "You are not going to spank me because you are angry with Tobias! So help me God. You will never touch me again!"

Will squirms and almost gets away before the alpha pins his arms behind his back. Hannibal unbuckles Will's belt, he removes it then binds Will's hands with it. He pulls Will's pants down.

"I am not doing this because of Tobias Budge. "Hannibal smacks Will's ass hard and quick. "This is for slamming the door in my face. That was very very rude William, especially to your alpha! He smacks Will's ass again, and the skin starts to turn bright red.

Will grits his teeth together. "Don't fucking fool yourself, ass wipe. This has nothing to do with that. You are furious with Tobias for putting his hands on me before you got the chance to do it yourself!" Will seethes. In for a penny in for a pound he figures.

Hannibal smacks Will's ass swiftly and hard again several times. "Language William. I can't abide foul language!"

Then Hannibal strikes Will several more times. Now Will's ass is beginning to bruise to a purple and welts appear. Will draws in a ragged breath. He chokes on a sob.

"That is for not obeying your alpha!"

Will makes every effort not to give Hannibal any satisfaction in his physical suffering or humiliation. But it is hard. His ass and ego both hurt. He knows that his actions earlier lit the fire, but Tobias Budge's had poured fuel on it.

Hannibal strokes Will's curls. He whispers to him that all is forgiven now as he takes the belt off Will's wrists. He tells him to lie still as he gets a cream to sooth his wounds. Will says nothing. Acknowledges nothing. He slumps into the couch as Hannibal goes to the bathroom.

Will shakes as he swallows down the tears of anger and frustration. Hannibal returns with the cream. Will hisses as the cool cream is massaged into his aching backside. Will feels Hannibal tug his pants up. Will takes another breath. "Can I get up?"

"Yes, William."

Will gets up slowly. He turns away from Hannibal and walks slowly down the hall. Hannibal follows quietly until the door bell rings. He watches Will walk slowly to the kitchen.

Hannibal goes to the door.

Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Remember why omega rooms are panic rooms.

As Hannibal opens the door, a man in a ski mask butts him in the face with the end of a rifle. Two other men, both with ski masks on, push Hannibal inside. They put a pillowcase over his face, restraining his hands and legs. Hannibal gets out a muffled "William!" before he is hit in the temple, temporarily dazing him. Hannibal can smell two alphas and one beta. He hears the lead alpha order "Grab the omega!" He hears two sets of footsteps run down the hall toward the kitchen. He hears a struggle, something breaking, and someone yelling. Hannibal tries to get up but a foot stomps on his back preventing him. Hannibal smiles when he hears one of the assailants cursing because Will has hurt him. True to his William's word, he is like no other. It seems like the battle goes on forever before he hears that William has been held down and sedated. Hannibal is hit on the head again, and he collapses into unconsciousness.

As Will limps down the hall toward the kitchen he hears the doorbell. He doesn't turn around because he doesn't care. All Will wants, besides a stiff drink and a fillet knife, is to get away from Hannibal.

Will opens the cabinet door to get a glass when he hears a muffled "William!" And two sets of footsteps running toward the kitchen. The hair on the back of his neck stands up, as adrenaline rush up his spine. Will's instincts are to run. Instead Will starts throwing glassware at the two masked men at the kitchen doorway. Several crash and miss but one hits a man in the head. He screams "fucking bitch!" in anger. Will heads toward the French doors then turns abruptly into the dining room. One masked man hits his stomach on the counter corner as he lunges after Will.

Will hoists himself up on the dining room table, grabbing items and throwing them at the pursuing man. He grabs a thick candlestick holder as he slides to the end. He uses it as a club, grazing one of the kidnappers on the hand, eliciting curses with each hit. Will looks for the other man but is grabbed from behind before he sees him. The candlestick holder is taken before he is wrestled to the ground, biting, hitting and spitting on the way down.

"Mother fucker! Get the needle in him now! Shit I thought this was suppose to be easy!"

The other man, stands over Hannibal, he has his foot on the alpha's back with a rifle in his hands. He keeps telling the other two to hurry up. Will feels the drug take effect. Everything feels like liquid, everything is illuminated and slow, his head sags and he can't feel his arms and legs. He watches with his mouth open as the man over Hannibal hits him in he head with the rifle again. They carry Will out to a waiting van. They put him in a blanket wrapping him up. Will wonders if Hannibal is okay, he feels nothing but static through the bond. He wonders if he should be panicking.

"What took so long?!" Will hears a young girl's voice.

As he struggles to find where the voice is coming from, he hears one of the men reply "fucking bitch fought!" He reaches back to hit Will but his hand is caught. Will looks at the man who had stopped the punch. It was Matthew Brown. He has taken off his mask. "Don't hurt the merchandise!" He snarls at the other.

"For fuck sakes listen for once in your life Miggs!" Will looks at the driver. It's Hobbs. The girl in the front seat is Abigail. Will starts to giggle, he laughs until he cries. Matthew and Abigail look at each other. They shrug shoulders looking at Will. Will's mind settles down into darkness.

Will wakes with a throbbing head and ass. He hasn't felt this bad since college when he got drunk and fell down a flight of stairs on his ass. Will puts his hands on his head groaning into the mattress. He still feels the drug's lingering effects. Will feels groggy and dehydrated. When he pulls his knees up to his chest he feels a cuff and chain.

Will finally sits up, opening his eyes. He is in a bedroom on an air mattress. He gets up. The carpet feels soft on his bare feet. He is in his boxers and t-shirt. There is a window but there are bars and shutters sealed over it. There is a bathroom with no door or mirror. There is a sink, a tub and toilet. Anything that could be used as a weapon has been stripped away. The chain reaches to the bathroom. It feels heavy. Will uses the toilet. He then splashes water on his face, and cups his hand pulling water into his mouth. The cool water feels good to his parched lips and throat.

Will walks into the room. He walks to the only door. He feels the solid wood under his fingertips and the weight of the chain on his ankle. He puts his ear to the door, and he can hear footsteps. They stop before his door. He hears a voice, he thinks it's Matthew's. "Stand back so I can bring some food and drink to you. Don't try anything, you won't like what happens."

Will steps backwards until he’s sitting on the air mattress. Matthew comes in with a tray. He locks the door behind him. He sets the tray on the floor for Will. Will chuckles how vaguely familiar this whole situation is. Will a prisoner, Matthew the orderly bringing his food to him, the same, yet different. Matthew looks at Will questioningly.

"What's so funny?"

"Deja vu."

"Hmmm… sounds interesting." Matthew smirks. He hikes up his jeans and sits in front of the door.

"What are you doing?"

"I am here to make sure you eat and drink. Don't want you to starve yourself because you are missing your mate."

"If I don't?"

"We’ll force feed you."

"Is the food or drink drugged?"

Matthew smiles bigger and shakes his head no. "As long as you’re not a problem or violent, we won't drug you."

Will scoots down to the end of the mattress and picks up the tray putting it on his lap. There is fried chicken, mashed potato, peas and water. Will smells the meal. He takes a bite and nods humming. When his mouth is less full, he says "It's good."

"I'll tell Abigail. She'll be over the moon." Matthew chuckles.

"It' s chicken right? Not people?" Will looks at the meat. Matthew laughs." Yes… chicken… you are a strange omega."

Will raises his eyebrows, he points his fork in Matthew's direction "You can never be too careful."

"What has your alpha been doing to you besides beating you?"

Will's chewing slows as the food feels like glue. His eyes flick up to man sitting in front of the door. Will swallows. He wipes his mouth with a napkin. "Nothing"

Matthew sighs, "Why are you protecting him? I saw the bruises and welts. You don't deserve that treatment. Was it even a consensual bonding? Did you agree before your heat set in?"

Will face flushes red. "Thanks for making my humiliation complete by looking at me like a piece of meat."

"I just checked for any injuries new or old."

"Well we don't want the customer unsatisfied by faulty product, do we. "Will interrupts sneering at Mathew.

"I see you have two stab wounds and a gun shot one as well. No alpha protection is worth what you have been through. You are very special. I have a feeling about you."

Will's eyes flash with righteous anger. "I was a homicide detective in New Orleans. I received the stab wound on the job. I was also a profiler for the FBI, I received the gun shot in the line of duty. I am not abused! I can take care of myself!"

Will stabs the chicken. He takes a bite chewing loudly. He doesn't feel like eating but really does not want to be force fed either."

Will continues eating. Matthew is watching him just like he did at BSHCI. Will can use this to his advantage.

"So… what is the plan?" Matthew tilts his head. "Plan?"

"For me? You didn't take me for yourself, you took me to sell. Merchandise, remember?" Will drinks his water watching Matthew closely. He feels the seed take root.

"We took you for someone in particular."

"Ahhh. Tobias Budge." Matthew looks at Will.

"How'd you know?"

"He stabbed me." Will looks Mathew in the eyes. "He what?!" Matthew looks at him in shock.

"He stabbed me because I rejected his courting advances. So thanks... I may have actually survived Hannibal." Will puts the tray on the floor. "I think that is all I can stomach for now."

Will scoots back to the wall draws in one leg resting a hand on the knee. His other leg falls to the side. There is a large gap in one of his boxer legs. He gives Matthew a peak at his groin area. Nothing Matthew has not seen before, but it feels forbidden. Will know this, he feels

Matthew's titillation. Will looks toward the barred window. Matthew picks up the tray leaving the room locking the door.

Hannibal comes to slowly. He is still bound, with a pillowcase over his head. Hannibal wiggles Until the pillowcase slips off. The fresh air feels good. His eyes are still blurry; there is dried blood crackling on his face. Hannibal hears sirens as the police approach. The neighbors he thinks. He lays his head down breaths in and then darkness.

Hannibal wakes again to the beeping of a heart moniter. He sits up looking for Will. He feels a hand on his chest, Hannibal growls grabbing the hand. He hears a small whimper. It's Alana. Hannibal lets her go. She rubs her hand, she says it's okay. She puts a glass with water to his lips. Hannibal lays back and rasps out "Will".

"Jack and the police are looking for Will as we speak. This gang has taken eight omegas in the last four months. They have all been unmated but Will seems to be the exception." She strokes his hand to try and soothe him.

"William is an exceptional exception. He fought and hurt one of the alphas." Hannibal smiles with pride.

"Bev says he is feisty, a real survivor." Alana smiles. Hannibal nods and closes his eyes. He makes a plan to find Budge.

Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

The Hannibal chases the other Will down the rabbit hole.

Chapter Notes

Collective sigh of exasperation or dare it be happiness? Give him a chance.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal’s eyes follow Will as he walks to the house. Alana moves forward to Hannibal. "This is worse than I imagined Hannibal. Maybe he needs to be in the hospital for a while.

Hannibal shakes his head. "I believe if we tried that, he would run again. Let me see what I can do before we are forced into that situation. Can you take the dogs or do I need to find a kennel?"

Alana looks at the house then at Hannibal. "I can do it for a while longer." Hannibal squeezes Alana's shoulder. Hannibal walks to the house.

Hannibal goes into the house to find Will at the piano. He's tickles the ivory keys with his fingers. Will looks up at Hannibal smiling.

"Where's the doctor lady?"

"You frightened her Will. She took the dogs and left."

"Pity. We could have had tea and chatted. She really has nothing to fear from me. Now you on the other hand... "Will tilts his head, his eyes slides down Hannibal's body. "You may need to worry."

Are you threatening.me, William?" Hannibal walks slowly toward Will.

Will looks down at the keys shakes his head no.

"No, no good doctor." His eyes look at Hannibal's hands. "I don't threaten I promise. I always keep my promises." Will turns on the seat facing away from the piano.

"You see I may not be your William but I have his memories. "Will taps his temple with his index finger.

"You've been so naughty. You've treated Will like an experiment, a toy, an extension of your own narcissistic ego." Will crosses his legs in front of him, leaning back on the piano arms braced on the bench.

"Have I? How does that make you feel William?" Hannibal stands in front of Will. He watches this new Will before him. He's interesting but Hannibal finds he misses the old Will. He misses his hesitation, his morality, his humanness.

Will laughs and then he goes very quiet and still. A dead calm comes over him. When he looks at Hannibal, his eyes are like a black holes. Nothing escapes and light never reaches.

"I feel angry. I feel like the world would be rid of one more self-absorbed waste of space, if you suddenly left this earth. Not that anyone would notice. Oh your patients would, some colleagues, some saps from high society...but they would all move on. Nobody important… No one who loves you... or understands you... or accepts you. Because the only person who might have given a shit about you… you... for the lack of a better term, fucked over royally. Yeah that about covers how I feel on this subject matter."

Hannibal smiles." So if you remember. Then you know who and what I am. Do you want to risk your life or Will's?"

Will hums rolls his head and eyes to the heavens. "Are you asking me if I am afraid of you? Survey says... No. One. Because you are curious. Two. You are lonely and three you have no idea who I am or what I can do. "

Hannibal swiftly grabs Will's throat. He then feels the knife at his stomach. Will's eyes dance in merriment." Doctor Lecter you have lost your composure. Let me help you find it" Will hisses.

Hannibal feels the tip of the blade dig into his belly. Hannibal slowly releases Will's throat. He backs away from Will to sit on the couch.

"Now there we go. I must admit your are interesting, but are you so interesting I'll keep you around. Are you a great lay Hannibal?" Will purrs.

"I beg your pardon."

"You can but you won't get it." Will giggles, then he says." I asked whether you are a great fuck? I have no memories of that… between you and Will. So you never did or you're just that bad."

"We don't have that kind of relationship." Hannibal stoically answers.

"Hmmmm… did you want it to?"

"I'll admit there is attraction on my side. Your side… I 'm not sure. You never cease to surprise me William."

"I think this Will may be curious. As for myself I do see an attraction. "Will looks Hannibal up and down. Hannibal feels like meat; an unfamiliar feeling.

"I think it is time for you to head home. I don't plan on disappearing, so I'll be seeing you later." Will arches an eyebrow as Hannibal gets up to leave. The knife still firmly in Will's hand.

Hannibal is window shopping after lunch one day. He feels antsy, stifled in the confines of his office. He wanders into a music shop. Hannibal finds exquisite red leather bound book full of blank music sheets. Will had claimed he was a composer now, on a whim Hannibal buys the book. He has the book delivered to William by messenger. A few days later, Hannibal receives a package. There is no return address. Hannibal opens the package to find a metal box, cold to the touch. He opens the box to find a human leg packaged with dry ice. There is a red bow tied to the ankle and a note. The note says ‘Shanks for the gift. :).’

Hannibal smiles, and then starts to laugh. He wonders whose leg it could be? It seems the butterfly has emerged. Hannibal destroys the note. He repackaged the leg and places the box in his car. He then calls Will to remind him of his appointment. Then Hannibal looks for a very special recipe for the leg. Hannibal receives a voice mail from Will saying that he needs to move his appointment. He has rehearsal that night with the symphony.

Hannibal sends a note of congratulations along with an expensive bottle of champagne. Hannibal also sends soft fur lined leather gloves to protect artistic hands. A few days later, Hannibal finds a package waiting for him on his doorstep. There is another small metal box. Hannibal finds an ear and a hand that is holding a symphony ticket. There is a red ribbon once again with a note that says ‘Have an ear for music? With ticket in hand come and enjoy :)’

Hannibal marks the date on the calendar. He puts on his tuxedo and goes. Will has given him a very good seat. He can see Will, he is not first chair but he is third. Hannibal is enraptured by the performance. After the performance, Hannibal waits with the other guests. He sees Will walk up to him with a small smile. Something private and intimate just between lovers.

"Your performance was excellent this evening, William."

"Your hearing must be very acute to pick me out of all the other violinists."

"I was surprised and delighted by the ticket you sent." Hannibal's smile reaches his eyes.

"Were you? I thought that was what you were aiming for. I was surprised by your courting gifts. If I am mistaken please accept my apology." Will looks at Hannibal's lips.

"Is that what we are doing, William, courting?"

"Your the dominate one, the alpha, the one who needs control of everything and everyone. You tell me. If not. I have the rapt attention of a couple others who want my company." Will gives Hannibal a coy smile before taking a sip of his whiskey.

"Were the gifts I received from a suitor you deemed unworthy?"

"Dr Lecter, I am not sure what you are referring to? I am affiliated with the FBI."

Hannibal chuckles darkly "Please forgive my mistake, William."

Before Will can make a quip, Dr. Chilton comes over to them. His attention is focused on Will. Will smiles at Chilton much to Hannibal's surprise.

"Hello Dr. Chilton. Did you enjoy the performance?"

"Hello Will. Yes I did extremely. You seemed to in your element."

"You sound surprised, Dr. Chilton. No faith in me? That's not what you said over drinks the other night. "Will tips his head and looks seductively at Dr. Chilton. Chilton blushes and starts to say something.

He finally stutters out. "I have faith..really...really do..You are not known for wanting people to watch you work."

Will puts his hand up and scratches his jaw, saying "You mean being watched like a patient… an inmate in an asylum? Yes that is creepy… but performing with artists... that is different wouldn't you agree?" Will cocks his head to the side, an amused smirk is perched on his lips. He is enjoying watching Chilton squirm.

Dr. Chilton looks at Will and Hannibal coughing anxiously. He looks very uncomfortable.

"I am sorry but I see someone I must speak too." He walks away quickly.

Hannibal looks at Will. "An admirer?"

Will smiles "Yes... Fredrick has his uses."

"Are you?"

"No I am not going to tell you."

"I see. Would you join me for a drink?"

"I regrettably must decline. I have made previous plans. Maybe another time? Until then." Will turns to leave when Hannibal catches his arm.

Hannibal leans in whispering in Will's ear. "Don't forget your therapy sessions."

Will looks up to Hannibal through his lashes "I haven't forgotten. I've been avoiding being alone with you. If this is courting… maybe a conversation and dinner would be acceptable. Remember I prefer vegetarian fare."

Will removes his arm from Hannibal's and walks toward the back of the symphony hall. Will walks to the back alley and takes out a pack of clove cigarettes. He smiles around the taste. In his world... plane of existence... whatever… Will had not taken being taken off of the force, or his application to the FBI being rejected because of his gender very well. Will knew he could solve cases. Prevent people from dying by fucking alphas. They ran the world and were the majority of the serial killers.

They call it vigilantism but Will calls it justice. He has the right training and all the right tools. Will makes full use of his tools, empathy, intelligence, and sex. Hannibal is a very dangerous alpha and serial killer. The other Will knew it and omega Will believes him. Now he can do what the other Will struggled with. It wasn't his fault. The other Will captured his killers the lawful way. Omega Will hunted, lured, seduced, and captured his killers the realistic way.

Omega Will was prepared to play the long con. This one will be particularly fun. Will looks down the alleyway. He walks to the car that just pulled up and opens the door.

Chapter End Notes

Well? Well? Nor bad...sorry about the puns....but it's Hannibal.

Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Down down the rabbit hole

Chapter Notes

Thanks to IaBMeanie for beating for me! Any mistakes are mine.

Thanks for reading enjoy!

Will slips into the passenger seat, flicking his cigarette out before closing the door. The car continues down the alley and then turns left heading into traffic. Jack Crawford looks at Will before he returns his attention to the road.

"You called me Will. What do you want?" Jack asks.

"Aren't you glad I'm okay Jack? Your prized profiler? Or was my false imprisonment too embarrassing for you?" Will replies in his most sardonic tone.

"I just don't know which side you are on, Will. You killed someone."

"He tried to kill me Jack. I defended myself."

"How can we tell? You've mutilated the body Will."

"Well Jack, I needed to, you'll have to trust me."

"Then what do you need from me?"

Will looks at the passing scenery. He shifts as he considers what he needs to tell this alpha.

"I need you to trust me that I will bring Lecter down. I need you to keep your distance while I work. Don't visit him or call him to a crime scene."

"I need hard proof Will. Can you get me that?"

"I can get Lecter, Jack." Will says rolling down the window and lighting another cigarette.

Hannibal enters his home putting away his coat. He walks to his study getting a whiskey to drink in honor of Will. Hannibal takes his drink as he ascends the stairs unbuttoning his top button.

He decides he would like a long soak to help him think. Hannibal wants to figure out what he wants from this Will. This new Will, intriguing as he is, has not been influenced by Hannibal. Hannibal wanted to be the catalyst of Will's transformation but now… it feels almost finished.

Hannibal starts the bathwater. He goes to the bedroom to undress. As he walks back into the bathroom he is surprised to find Will sitting in the tub.

"I hope you don't mind. I added some bubbles. Nice tub by the way. Very comfy" Will smiles flicking some water toward Hannibal.

Hannibal smirks, crosses his arms, and leans against the doorframe. "How did you get in here William?"

"Isn't the more important question why I am here?" Will smiles as he leans his arms on the side of the tub and rests his chin in his hands. He looks up through his long lashes.

Hannibal pushes off from the doorframe and walks up to the tub. He steps in and sinks into the warm water opposite of Will.

"Then why are you here Will?"

"Didn't you invite me for a drink? My plans changed and I thought I would take you up on the offer." Will's smile widens as takes one of Hannibal's feet in his hands. He starts to massage Hannibal's foot with his thumbs.

Hannibal groans with appreciation for Will's endeavors. "Your hands are very talented William." Will looks at Hannibal "that's not all that is talented about me Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal cocks an eyebrow and smiles in spite of himself." That is very true. You have a brilliant mind. You know, I could have called the police when I found you here."

"Yes, or killed me but you didn't, which must mean you like me just a little. Or you're hiding something or someone you don't want the police to find." Will smiles as his hands move up to Hannibal's calves.

"That would be a safe assumption. What would you like to drink?"

"Ummm… I think tea. I have a long drive home after our little visit. How does that feel?" Will moves his hands up to Hannibal's thighs. Will's body moves forward so he can reach Hannibal's hips as well as his thighs. The water moves with Will's hands. Hannibal's pupils enlarge. He can smell clove cigarettes and another man. The cigarettes cover the other scent so Hannibal can't pinpoint who.

Hannibal feels a growl of jealousy in his chest. He grabs Will's hands stopping their exploration. "Who did you see tonight William?"

"I saw a lot of people tonight Hannibal. Remember there was a whole auditorium of them." Will pulls his hands away from Hannibal. He moves toward the other end of the tub.

Hannibal captures Will's arms sliding him back between his legs. "I meant afterward. You said you had other plans. I smell someone on you."

"Who Hannibal? " Will whispers.

"The cigarettes muddle the scent." Hannibal frowns. He moves his hand to Will's neck and the other around his waist.

"Really? Muddle an alpha's strong sense of smell. Who would know that but maybe an omega?" Will laughs still tense but smiling just the same.

"I wonder how long this delusion of yours will last William? Don't you miss your dogs? Your job?"

"Your manipulation?" Will moves closer to Hannibal laying his hands on Hannibal's chest as he tilts his head.

"I think you miss the other Will. He showed his vulnerability to you. His empathy and acceptance draws you to his side. You had plans for him, and now here I am ruining it for you." Will moves closer then leans into Hannibal's jaw moving his nose along his jawline. He inhales Hannibal's scent. He hums his appreciation.

Hannibal inhales and settles himself. "You are not ruining any plans… I had none in regards to you William. Nothing more than a doctors for his patient."

Will sighs. "Well. Either you're lying, or obtuse to the many opportunities that lay before you. Either way it's disappointing." Will abruptly gets up, dripping water on Hannibal. He steps over Hannibal, and grabs a towel, wrapping it around his waist. He walks into Hannibal's bedroom.

Hannibal follows suit. He finds Will pulling on a pair of jeans. He pulls on a t-shirt then a sweater. "I think I'll have that tea some other time. "Will runs his hands through his damp curls.

"I thought you had accepted my invitation?" Hannibal says. Letting traces of irritation lace through his words.

"Yeah, well now I’m bored. You're boring me with your lies, and your cool façade. We both know underneath that control is something deadly and much more interesting. I told you not to bore me, Dr Lecter." Will looks at Hannibal with quiet disdain. He crosses his arms as he walks to the bedroom door.

Hannibal grabs Will by the hair, flinging him against the wall. The objects hanging on the wall bounce as Hannibal presses his hand on Will's throat. He smacks Will across the face. Will's eyes open wide then narrow in anger. He takes his hand and covers Hannibal's hand. Will grabs between the meaty part of the thumb and index finger turning Hannibal's hand away from his throat. Will jabs his other fingers into Hannibal's throat. Hannibal falls to his knees, grasping his throat coughing, sputtering from the impact.

Will shakes his head looking at Hannibal. "Pathetic" is the only word uttered. Will turns to leave the room. Hannibal hears Will descending the stairs. Hannibal gets up and in that moment fury takes over. He grabs a vase throwing it and hitting Will in the head. Will crumples to the banister. His eyes flutter as he tries to remain conscious.

Hannibal walks slowly down the stairs. He grabs Will's neck to pull him back to him.

"You are a challenge, William."

"I am never boring Hannibal." He tries to smile before his eyes close completely. He slumps on the rail. Hannibal prevents him from falling down the stairs.

Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Will is standing over a man covered in blood. The alpha's hands are covering his groin area, as he lays on his side in a fetal position. He whimpers.as blood pulses through his fingers. He looks up at Will. Will feels immense pleasure and satisfaction. He feels powerful over an alpha, especially over one that has hurt him as so many others have.

"Please." The man gasps.

Will is standing over a man covered in blood. The alpha's hands are covering his groin area, as he lays on his side in a fetal position. He whimpers as blood pulses through his fingers. He looks up at Will. Will feels immense pleasure and satisfaction. He feels powerful over an alpha, especially over one that has hurt him as so many others have.

"Please." The man gasps.

"Now, now… it's too late for manners and pleasantries. I bet you wish you'd never hurt all those omegas. You think omegas are such pitiful weak creatures that no one would believe you raped them. Or even worse molested them as children." Will smiles as he bends down looking at the alpha. He uses his blood-covered knife to lift the alpha's chin up.

"Sorry." Whimpers the man.

"That's nice that you feel some remorse. Now for your act of contrition. You see that pot of boiling of water? Well... I was real nice and threw your fucking cock in there. Now you can eat." A slow wicked smile unfurls across Will's face.

"You… You... can't do this...You can't make.me.." The man groans out.

"Oh I can and I will. You won't bleed out. I've got all the supplies to keep you alive. You will eat it. Until you do I will add other body parts for you to eat. If you want a merciful quick

death, you'd best chow down." Will gets up and walks to the pot of boiling water humming the latest musical piece he has been composing.

The alpha screams and screams in the background.

The omega Will's memory has been stirring underneath. Now the profiler knows why he was reluctant to explore the omega's memories. Omega Will is a vigilante. He feels justified and righteous in his kills.

Oh, that's why he'd insisted on working with the opera companies. It gave him a chance to investigate and stalk his victims. Then he could move on, leaving no forensic evidence and often the bodies were never found.

He feels physically sick as he stumbles into the bathroom. He purges his stomach contents as he wishes he could with these memories. Afterwards, he leans back against the cool wall. He wipes the tears from his eyes. Will snorts and starts to laugh. Omega Will the ruthless vigilante is in his world with Hannibal the cannibalistic serial killer. The cat and mouse game has just become cat and cat.

When and if Will returns, will Hannibal be dead? He feels a sense of dread. He doesn't want Hannibal dead. Will wants to put him in prison. What does he want from Hannibal? Will honestly doesn't know.

Will supposes it doesn't really matter. He has enough to deal with here. Will closes his eyes. He's not sure how this bond thing works. Will tentatively thinks of this realities Hannibal. He feels a slight hum of warmth. Will knows he is alive.

"Are you okay?" Matthew's voice echoes in the bathroom.

The profiler jumps startled. He pushes himself between the toilet and wall. Will realizes he has moved on instinct. He face palms himself. He opens his fingers looking at Matthew through them.

"Yes. I just felt a little sick." Will gulps down more saliva as his nose is assaulted by whatever vile thing the beta has brought in.

Will lurches forward over the toilet expelling bile. Matthew leaves the room and returns without the tray. He has a washcloth, which he wets. The beta presses the cool cloth to Will's face and then the back of his neck.

"Thank you" Will says sincerely. "You're welcome… are you…"

Before Matthew can say anything else, Will growls out "If you say the fucking word pregnant I will fucking bitch slap you back to childhood...I swear!"

Matthew laughs till he holds his side from a twinge. He crosses his arms and clears his throat "Okay... are you in a delicate way? Or in a family way? Or do you have a bun in the oven?"

"When I stop puking my guts out, I will make sure you never have the pleasure of putting a bun in anyone's oven, ever again." Will grits out.

The beta chortles at this. "Well until then, I'll get you some tea and crackers but seriously, do you think you are?"

"I really *really* fucking hope not." Will places the wet cloth over his face.

Concern crosses over his face as Matthew frowns, "If you are, this will change things with Tobias Budge."

"I reckon it might." Matthew quietly leaves the room.

Hannibal feels a pull on his and Will's bond. He is pleased that Will is alive and especially that he is trying to find out if Hannibal is still alive. Hannibal is sitting in his rental car watching Tobias Budge's shop. He knew that inferior alpha would pull something, but he hadn’t thought it would be anything as bold as this. Hannibal drinks his coffee. The alpha hopes for Will's sake, that Budge had not attempted to break Hannibal and Will's bond. It’s hard on alphas when their mate bond is broken but for an omega there were serious consequences.

Finally around midnight, Budge leaves his shop. Hannibal follows two car lengths behind him. Tailing Budge is no problem for an active predator like Hannibal. He drives for an hour outside Baltimore to Wolf trap Virginia. Then Budge heads for a secluded driveway. There are woods surrounding the small farmhouse. The alpha is already inside when the alpha quietly moves around the house looking for an entry point.

The profiler has been feeling queasy on and off all day. He is resting on the air mattress when he hears a car pull up. He sits up; a feeling of dread comes over him. He gets up and tries prying one of the slats loose over the window so he can look out. Will knows he is in a secluded location, he has not heard any cars or other urban noises.

Will hears people talking downstairs. The younger man knows Budge is here. Will vainly starts searching the room for a makeshift weapon. They have picked over the room pretty thoroughly. Matthew lets Budge into the house. He really doesn't like Budge, the arrogant alpha raises his hackles. The beta especially doesn't like this kidnapping considering what Will has told him about his stabbing. If Will is pregnant things could get very ugly very quickly for Will.

The beta has spent the majority of the day trying to convince Hobbs to ask for a ransom from Hannibal or sell Will to someone else. Matthew has managed to persuad Abigail to his side, she has big influence over her dad. But Budge has arrived before they were able to sway Hobbs.

Matthew crosses his arms and stands in front of the stairs leading up to Will. Abigail has decided to sit on the steps higher up. As Budge enters the house, he scents the air. He smiles nodding his head in approval, Will is there. Budge will negate the bond he has with Hannibal. Then the omega will not be able to prosecute him for the stabbing. Budge will make sure he and Will have many pups. They will all be talented and beautiful. A family any alpha would be envious of.

"I see you were successful in acquiring the omega."

"Yes. You failed to mention what a feisty bitch he is." Snarls Miggs from the corner of the room.

"I apologize. I should have mentioned how resourceful Will is, he is an extraordinary omega." Budge is smug.

"You also failed to mention that you stabbed him." Matthew smiles coldly, cocking his head to the side.

The alpha looks at the beta, considering his answer. "That was a simple misunderstanding." The beta shakes his head.

"Nope, I'd say something like that is never a misunderstanding."

Budge snarls " It doesn't matter what you think because I paid you, handsomely I will add, to bring him to me."

Abigail says softly from her perch "Do you still want him if he’s pregnant?"

Hannibal holds his breath when he hears that question. The alpha had managed to sneak in through the kitchen. On his many excursions to acquire fresh meat, Hannibal had learned about scent-be-gone, hunters used it to hide their scent from everything. The cannibal is considering getting stock in the company the products are so effective.

The alpha sneaks back out the door. If his omega is pregnant, Hannibal has to get him out now. The other alpha will kill Hannibal's offspring and try to forcibly bond with Will. That was not going to happen. Hannibal circles around the front. He hears a heated debate between everyone in the living room. The alpha might be merciful, killing Matthew and Abigail quickly. They were trying to delay Budge. They sound like they are protecting Will, 'Good!' Hannibal thinks. It gives him time to get Will out.

Hannibal finds some latticework on the side of the farmhouse. He scales it to the porch and goes to open the hall window, once inside Hannibal quietly steps to the door. He takes out his lock picking kit.

Will hears the door opening. He is hiding behind the door. He has the fitted sheet in his hands. Will figures he can knock Matthew out. If this works he'll have enough element of surprise, maybe, to escape.

The door opens slowly. Will hears a whispered "Will". The profiler wraps the sheet around the intruder's head dragging him back, twisting the sheets around his neck, he slams the person into the wall. After the man goes down Will searches his pockets for the key to the ankle cuff. Will hears a groan as he searches; the groan turns into the groggy voice of Hannibal.

Will draws back the sheet to see Hannibal's face. "How did you find me?" Will asks astonished, Hannibal holds his throat and his index finger up. "Just a moment."

Hannibal takes in a big breath gently closing the door once he is up.

"You are truly amazing William." Hannibal takes Will's face in his hands placing a quick kiss on his lips.

"We need to get out of here before your kidnappers come to take you away. I was going to extricate us through the window but in your condition that would be unwise."

"I need this ankle cuff off first." The profiler points at his leg. Hannibal takes his lock picking kit out of his pocket. He growls when he sees the skin rubbed raw, he works quickly to set Will free.

"What did you mean by my condition? I'm not hurt, so the window is no problem. I am more concerned about a foot injury." Will looks down at the older man as the cuff clicks open.

Hannibal stands and pulls the younger man close to him. "I overheard their conversation with Budge concerning your pregnancy." The alpha smiles pleased at Will.

"Whoa wait. I am not pregnant." Will says pulling away. "Are you sure?" Hannibal smirks.

"I am as sure as any male can be." "That's not what I smell."

"Oh fuck you and your nose! We don't have time for this." The younger man hisses looking at the door. There is no way Hannibal could scent something like that. Though Will realizes the older man had smelled his encephalitis in the alternate reality. He pushes these thoughts out of the way. There is no time for this.

"You are right. That’s a conversation for another time. We'll also have to speak about your language." Hannibal whispers to Will opening the door slowly to a crack.

The profiler rolls his eyes. "What the FUCK ever, if you start with me I’m bringing up the fact that you let me get kidnapped in the first place." Will is standing behind Hannibal. He recognizes the layout of this house.

"Hannibal! I know this place! It's my house in Wolf trap. In the room across from us is an old laundry shoot to the basement. The basement has another door that leads outside. It leads into the woods behind the house." The younger man whispers urgently in Hannibal's ear.

Hannibal nods to Will. The alpha is skeptical of this information. There is no time for his omega to break with reality now, but he sounds so confident. Hannibal quietly walks to the door across the hall opening the door easily. He motions for Will to follow, the alpha has plans to return and take his revenge on all parties involved in this. Especially relishing the idea of serving Budge to his mate that is carrying his pup. For now getting his mate to protection and safety is the only thought he needs to be concerned with . Will slips over and they close the door quietly.

Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Omega Will hit the bottom of the rabbit hole.

Chapter Notes

Okay! I got really motivated and wrote two chapters...BAM!

Hannibal lifts a semi-conscious Will up into his arms, carrying him up the staircase and back to the bedroom. He tucks him under the covers. The doctor decides to watch Will to make sure he doesn't have a concussion. The hospital would ask too many questions.

He slides into some flannel pants. Hannibal slips into bed sitting up to read as he keeps vigil over Will. A couple of hours later Will groggily wakes up. He throws the covers off and starts taking off his clothes.

"Will? What are you are you doing?"

"I'm fucking hot with these on, so I am taking them off." Grumbles Will. He strips down completely nude getting back into bed with Hannibal. He rolls over to face the doctor tugging on Hannibal's PJ’s.

"Aren't you hot too?" Will looks at Hannibal though his lashes mouth in a pout.

Hannibal sighs takes off his reading glasses. He puts the book and glasses on the nightstand. The doctor slides down the headboard until his head hits the pillow.

"No I am not." He says turning to look at the profiler. "Well I'll have to fix that." Will smiles putting his lips to Hannibal's.

They kiss softly, Hannibal lets the other man have control. There is flick of tongue against the doctor's lips and Hannibal opens his mouth as he pulls Will closer. His hands move up and down Will's back. The profiler groans and pushes his hips forward.

Hannibal grabs Will's ass and squeezes as he takes control of the kiss now with teeth and tongue. He feels the profiler's hands roam his body in exploration. Will starts to tug down the older man's pants. Hannibal pulls back from the kiss.

"Are you sure about this William?" His voice gravelly from lust. "Oh I am very sure Hannibal." Says Will as he rolls Hannibal to his back.

He slides down Hannibal's neck kissing and nipping as he makes his way to a nipple. He sucks and pinches both, moving his lips down the doctor's chest. He removes the older man's pants. Hannibal's erection springs out.

Will lets out a sultry chuckle as he kisses Hannibal's thighs and hips. "Do you want me Alpha?" He says taking Hannibal's cock in hand. He licks from base to tip looking at Hannibal's face.

The doctor groans and bucks his hips. "I'll take that as a hell yes." Will purrs as he dips his head back down taking Hannibal's cock in his mouth. He swirls his tongue around the head. Will licks and sucks his way down the doctor's shaft. He relaxes his throat as he pulls the length down to the hilt. As he slides back up Hannibal moans something in a different language. Will hums in response.

Omega Will has been endowed with the gift of giving head. He has been using this gift to subdue his prey for years. He has found sucking someone off was sometimes more effective than a sedative.

He continues to hum and bob as Hannibal continues to moan and groan in pleasure. The older man is coming undone by the beautiful dark creature. His mouth a national treasure to be used only by Hannibal. As Hannibal reaches completion he moans holding Will by his curls. Will drinks it all down. He lays his head on Hannibal's thigh as he feels his chocolate curls being stroked with affection.

"Will..that..was ..divine." A smile laced through Hannibal's voice.

"I am glad you enjoyed yourself." He looks up at the doctor smiling. His hand slips beneath the covers to recover a syringe. He nuzzles and kisses Hannibal's thigh.

"You know I think we have a lot in common." Will sighs.

"Really? Like what?"

"Well we both like nice things, we enjoy classical music and....I really like how you've set up your kill room." Will smiles.

Hannibal looks down at Will in confusion then he feels a deep prick. He sees the younger man get up quickly before Hannibal could get his hands around him. Hannibal is sluggish as he tries to move his legs but rolls out of the bed. He sees Will before going black.

Hannibal wakes with feeling of cold metal underneath him and a bright light above him. His arms are strapped down. He turns his head looking at a smiling Will who is swinging his dangling legs. He looks so boyish and mischievous.

"Hi! I am glad you woke up. I was afraid I would have to start without you." The younger man jumps down, now wearing clothes, and latex gloves with one Hannibal's aprons. He is twirling a scalpel around his fingers.

"Oh by the way… where do you get your plastic suits? I tried one on but it doesn't fit. I bet they are hot and itchy though. How do you keep your hair from getting into the crime scene?" He blows a curl off his forehead.

Hannibal grunts and clears his throat.

"I special order my plastic suits and my hair is gelled. I am also very precise in my work."

"The internet man, a killer's best friend. What will they think of next?" The younger man smiles shaking his head. His expression grows serious. "You know..I hate to kill you..I really do..I like you a lot actually. I feel connected to you. We might have been kill buddies with benefits." Will says as he strokes his captives face.

"Then don't. You are not the Will I know are you?" He says closing his eyes.

"I have been telling everyone for months! I try not to lie too much." He tilts his head.

"The Will from here must seem very unstable." He said tilting his head with a slight grimace.

He takes a gloved hand pressing Hannibal's nose. "You made sure of that."

"I can't predict Will's action or reactions, so I may have...made a misstep here or there. I simply wanted to bring out his potential."

"Well you sure as fuck brought out something. His memories are blurry. He really held you in high regard, but after the whole… let's frame my friend fiasco. You have fallen for grace, my friend. The other Will would want you imprisoned rather than killed. He's a good guy. Me, not so much."

Omega Will pulls the metal gurney toward a work bench. He slides some tools out of the way. He hoists himself up onto the bench. He slides back to the wall, the younger man groans gently placing his head against the wall. He closes his eyes. Will thinks his head is going to split open.

"You probably have a concussion. You cannot sleep." Hannibal seems to sense what Will is feeling.

Will laughs quietly. "You sound so concerned about him. Ya'lls relationship is fucked up. You want to kill him and hold him. Which is stronger doctor?"

"I would like to think the holding."

Will sways as he feels dizziness. Good old doc may be right. Omega Will feels conflicted, in his realm, he would have killed this killer by now. Should he do what this Will would choose?

"If you kill me and return to wherever you came from Will would be consumed with guilt."

"Like Garret Jacob Hobbs… Yes I know... it was a clear cut justified homicide. He was drowning in guilt, as well as a sense of his own power. This Will would be too sloppy to do this professionally.

He would want to be caught."

"Are we professionals, Will?" Asks Hannibal reflecting on what this Will has to say.

"Yes we are, Hannibal. Yes we are." He nods his head. "Well I guess I've procrastinated long enough, by the way.., What dish would you like to be served in? I am no Hannibal Lecter but I would try my best."

"Could I have a few minutes to think about it? Thank you for asking." Hannibal's chuckle echoed through the basement.

"Sure, I'll get everything ready."

Omega Will jumps down from the bench and staggers. Maybe jumping was not a good idea. He feels nauseous and vomits some bile on the floor. He groans as he staggers to the bench to hold himself up.

"William! You have a concussion, release me so I can help you." The older man's voice is calm but concerned.

"No! I've shown you my hand and you will kill me...us." The younger man swallows keeping his eyes closed.

"I promise I won't. I always keep my promises."

"I bet you do." Will opens one eye looking at Hannibal and considering his options.

"I do. Release me now before you lose consciousness."

Will puts a hand to his forehead in hesitation. He turns and unbuckles one of Hannibal's wrists before collapsing on the floor.

Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

Go ask Alice the way out...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will walks over to the closest, opening the door. He sees the laundry shoot. It is basically a square hole in the floor with a solid metal barrier around the opening. He looks down into the hole looking at the concrete floor. Good exactly the same as his house in Wolf trap. Just as Will turns toward Hannibal the door smashes in with a kick from the outside.

Tobias rushes Hannibal with a knife. The two alphas fall against the wall as Matthew comes through the door to help Hannibal. As all three men grapple for the knife and supremacy, Will is shoved into the closet. He tries to grip the doorframe until someone smashes his fingers. The younger man lets go, falling over the barrier. His head hanging down into the basement but his legs are still hooked over the metal edge of the shoot.

He hears more yelling and curses from above. He hears two more sets of footsteps pounding up the stairs. Will swings trying to grab a rafter or the edge of the shoot. He needs to lower himself safely up or down. As he swings again someone is knocked into the closet pushing Will's legs over the edge.

With the force of the push and the momentum of the swing, Will falls fast and hits hard. He loses consciousness. He is not sure but he thinks he hears Hannibal's voice.

Will blinks, he is standing on the shore of the river near his home in Wolf trap. He is wearing jeans and a worn flannel shirt. His familiar work boots and glasses are comfortably set into place. Across the stream he sees a reflection of himself. His reflection however is dressed in a nice navy suit and blue shirt. He is wearing no glasses and dress shoes instead.

"Hello?"

"Hello."

"Are you the omega?" He asks as he walks further down to the bank. He stops at the water's edge.

"You must be the other Will." The omega Will smiles moving down the bank to the water's edge as well.

The omega Will sees a tense and wary looking man. Will looks like he hasn't slept in days or ate anything in years. He can barely look the omega in the eyes.

Will sees the omega Will standing with relaxed confidence and ease. He looks impeccable in his well-tailored suit and easy smile.

They are the same yet different. If Will had never worked for the FBI, would he look like omega Will? Would he be a killer? The road less traveled. The omega Will shows the same thought process on his face. They both laugh at the same time.

"Wow. Do you know how this happened… the switch?" Omega Will asks.

"Not a clue... I was stabbed."

"So was I."

Both of them lift their shirt at the exact same moment to show the other the exact same scar. They nod in unison.

"I hit my head while trying to escape from kidnappers." Will says

"Ahhh... omega snatchers… unfortunately common. Hannibal hit me with vase and gave me a concussion. I had him tied up in his basement, I was just about to... well you know… Then I passed out." Omega Will smiles shrugging his shoulders.

”Why did he hit you with a vase?”

”To make a long story short, I called him pathetic and walked off.”

”Okay, that would do it.”

"Do you think we are…"

"Dead? nope… I think we are..."

"Somewhere in between..."

"This is disconcerting."

"Enough said.."

They both walk down the shore looking at the rocks in the stream. Both contemplating where they are and what led them to this place.

"I have a confession to make." Will says abruptly.

"Okay...Do I really want to know?"

"If it was me. I would dread it but I would have to know." Will shakes his finger toward the omega smiling. The omega snorts in understanding.

"Well...shoot." The omega stops, crossing his arms. His head falls forward while his eyes lift as though staring over glasses.

'Is that what I look like when I do that? Effective.' Thinks Will. He clears his throat. "I was working on trapping Hannibal but... we sorta..."

"Oh fuck! Did you bond with him?!"

Will nods as he says, "Yes and you might be pregnant. Sorry…"

"Sorry!? Is that all, sorry?!"

"Hey! I was new to the whole heat and man pregnancy thing all right?! I did some research but... Oh! Hell!"

"Is he a killer?"

"Yeah, he is pretty much the same as my Hannibal but all alpha. My house… my rules… blah blah. "Will open and closes his hand like a puppet.

"Will! Once bonded I can't kill him or turn him over to the authorities! I am stuck with him!"

"I honestly thought you would be more upset over the pregnancy."

"No that's fine actually. I wanted children. I am attracted to your Hannibal. The same, really?"

Will nods. Omega Will sighs shoves his hands in his pockets. "Well what's done is done. No more travelling for me. Hey does he know about my hobby?"

"I don't think so but it's hard to tell with alpha Hannibal. He'll probably be thrilled once he knows."

"Well I guess I need to tell you a couple of things." Will seems to brace himself.

"I took a bath with your Hannibal."

"Okay.., not so bad… awkward maybe."

"I also gave him head."

Will face palms himself. "Did he like it? No scratch that. Don't tell me."

Omega Will belly laughs. "Oh yeah...In his words it was *divine* ." He smiles broadly at the other Will, who visibly shudders.

"You want some pointers? "Omega Will teases.

"No that is quite alright." Will blushes waving a hand dismissively at the omega.

"I see why Hannibal finds you so endearing. He really has a thing for you. Even when I was about to kill him, he was still concerned with your health. You could do a lot worse, you know."

"Worse than a serial killer that eats the rude?"

"Yeah… You could be with Dr. Chilton."

"Oh please for the love of..,"

"Stop before you get all wound up, I did not have sex with him or give him oral sex. I did kiss him and may have led him to believe you were interested."

"Why?"

"To make Hannibal jealous...nothing better to get an alpha to show his hand than competition."

Will sighs, "You know, I thought with the switch I may have actually been able to win. Catch the Ripper, put him behind bars. I guess there is never going to be a clear winner between us and Hannibal, is there?"

"It looks… unlikely. Do you think either of us could survive without the other?" Both say simultaneously a quiet.

"No"

"Do you feel that?"

"Yeah. I do."

"Goodbye Will"

"Goodbye Will"

There is a white light that bursts like a star collapsing in on itself. Blinding both Wills' eyes then in a flash suddenly everything is black.

Chapter End Notes

I appreciate all the support over this little story of mine. I would like to give ya'll the opportunity to tell me what you like see happen at the end here. I have an idea or two but what do you wanna see? There will be a final chapter for both Wills and a potential for an epilogue one as well. I'll take suggestions from now till next Wed. 8/5. Thanks for reading!!

Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Climbing out of the rabbit hole

Chapter Notes

Used some season three dialogue. Who can resist? Not me. Now before panties are waded, underwear twisted and boxers pulled over heads....There is more....Repeat there is more to come. I gotta tidy up Omega Will and then epilogue. So enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will picks up his tools from his workbench hanging them in their designated places. The engine he has been repairing for a few weeks, is finished just in time for supper. Will closes the garage door whistling for the dogs back to come back in the house. The ground crunches underfoot as he walks across the driveway and onto the porch, wiping his hands on a grease towel. He sees a car creeping slowly down his driveway. The empath sighs and pours himself a drink from a bottle sitting on the railing.

Three months earlier.

Will feels restless. He hasn't felt this way since his encephalitis, when he would dream of the raven stag. He moves his legs as though he's swimming in a bayou swamp. His arms jerk as his head does in time with his legs. He wants to break the surface of the yellow green dark pool into the light and fresh air.

Will feels water dripping off his hair. It is running down his back. His lungs feel like they are about to burst from holding his breath but he is afraid he'll suck in the dark water. As he panics, he sees a murky version of Hannibal above the water. He has a huge branch. The doctor pushes the branch into Will's chest, forcing Will further down into the water. He struggles against the branch until he sees that his arms and legs are tangled in the roots of a

tree underneath the water. As Hannibal pushes him under his limbs slip from underneath the snare and he breaks the surface gasping for breath.

At his gasps he realizes that he is sitting in a hospital bed surrounded by other patients who seem to be comatose. How long has he been sleeping under the waters of the bayou? He falls back into the bed. He calms his breathing, his heart rate, by steadily grounding himself in the moment.

Will moves his hand absently over his flat stomach and feels a sense of loss. Did he lose the baby? Was there a baby? If it was a girl he would have called her Abigail, he thinks. He feels tears prick his eyes. He feels stupid about this awareness of loss. He wasn't a woman, he was never really pregnant. There were no such things as omega males and bonds that defy laws of nature. A bond that can't be torn, no matter what, is unrealistic in his reality.

Will turns his head half expecting, half hoping for someone to be by his side.. .that someone, Hannibal. But considering his roommates it is a forgone conclusion. Will has been abandoned to his recovery in solitude. The empath wonders how long he has been here. Is there a nurse call button?

After Will is able to alert someone to his new aware state, they moved him to his own room. It is not any more homey than the other ward but at least, he is alone. The staff notified the neurologist who explains to Will, that he has been in a coma for six months after he had apparently fallen down some stairs. His limbs would need time to recover from their time in atrophy. They ask him the last thing he remembers, Will smiles as his eyes grow unfocused. He tells them what they expect to hear about being at the Heaven's Gate compound. They bring him some broth and tea to consume. The empath misses Hannibal's cooking. Even though the ingredients were questionable at best, everything was perfectly cooked.

Will tries to reach or sense the bond but there is nothing. Nothing...he's totally alone. So it was more than just love… something binding. Will sadly sighs. He misses the bond more than he thought he would for someone that knows solitude so intimately, he wishes the loneliness away. It was nice to have someone with him always. Will felt the stirrings of want... the want of love and family.

It was easy to love Hannibal in the other plane of reality. Easy because all other choices were stripped away from his control. Could he ever enjoy the best in Hannibal's and his relationship? Or was that wishful thinking?

Present day

Jack gets out of the standard issue black SUV. He shuffles to the back and brings out a box from the back. Will stands waiting on the porch.

“Hello Jack”

“Hello Will. I have something for you.”

Will stares at Jack. In the ensuing silence Jack continues. “It’s a few of your things I recovered from Hannibal’s house that are yours. We don’t need them for evidence, I thought you might want them back.”

“Thanks but why are you really here?”

“We think we have an idea where he is.”

Before Jack can finish Will swiftly interrupts. “No… No. I am done Jack. I don’t want to know where he is or what he does. I don’t want to look for him, I am done with this situation. I am letting him go.”

“For his good or your own Will?”

Does it really matter why any more Jack?”

“But Will...”

”But nothing Jack! Please... just go… now.”

Jack sighs nods his head as he turns on his heel going back to the car. Will takes the white cardboard box inside and whistling for his dogs. They crash around him like an ocean wave, swirling to the shore as furry foam.

Two weeks after Waking

Dr. Frederick Chilton walks through the hospital room door with a bouquet of assorted white flowers. Will sighs laying back in the bed rubbing his stomach in a newly formed self-soothing gesture.

"Not happy to see me?"

"Not necessarily that. I was looking for someone else… hoping actually."

"I hate to disappoint you but Hannibal is in the wind so to speak."

"Is that why Jack hasn't been in yet?"

"Well Bella is much worse but Hannibal attempted to cut his throat. He almost succeeded in killing him, luckily Agent Crawford had called in backup prior his confrontation with Hannibal. Alana Bloom, as you may know, was pushed out of a window. She is still recovering. They are optimistic she'll walk again."

"Jesus!" Will feels himself blanch. Before he can gain control over his facial muscles different emotions hurl themselves across them. The empath feels anger, astonishment, guilt, relief, fury, and abandonment.

"You were absolutely right about Hannibal as the Chesapeake Ripper as well as a cannibal. Hindsight being twenty-twenty, I wish I had been a vegetarian sooner but that point is moot.

The reason I am here is to ask for your help. I am sure you may have an idea where Hannibal is, there are some people willing to help you find him."

"You mean Mason Verger, right ? No Frederick I will not help him. I.. want... I need to let him go for myself."

"And for him..? Crazy what love makes us do."

"I am not in love with him! Now please leave. "

"Keep telling yourself that Will. You might believe it one day. Until next time."

Chilton leaves the flowers on the bedside table. The empath throws the flowers at the wall. Will sighs heavily as he looks out the window.

Present Evening

Will opens the box sometime that evening. He has drunk another couple glasses of whiskey, to quell his anxiety and excitement. He takes his pocketknife sliding the blade along the tape to open it. Inside the box is a violin case, sheets of music, a silver case with black cigarettes that smell like cloves and a wallet. The wallet is buttery soft cognac brown leather. There is a new driver's license and a few hundred dollars, nothing too revealing. Jack had told Will he went to Hannibal's house after a performance. Omega Will would not have returned home first.

When Will had returned to his house, he had found a few new items from Omega Will. The omega had bought some new clothes and some new fishing supplies. The fishing equipment was untouched. Will assumed it was a homecoming gift for him. The other Will was a spender.

Will opens the violin case. He lifts the instrument out, when he notices two postcards hidden underneath the violin. To a casual observer, they look like they were forgotten but Will knew they were placed there for a reason. Jack's people were getting sloppy. He picks them up to

get a closer look. One is of the Norman Chapel in Palermo Italy. Will knew it was one of Hannibal's mind palace rooms. On the back of the card was Hannibal's handwriting, *when I think of you, I'll see you here* .

The other postcard is of Florence. The card was faded to a yellow black and white. Maybe it was an old souvenir of Hannibal's? The cannibal did not strike Will as the sentimental type. On the back of the card is another note in his handwriting, *Wish you were here* , a simple and elegant clue.

Will's blood commences to pound in his ears. Will removes the bow with trembling fingers and feels the lining of the case. He pulls the velvet lining out to find a manila envelope trapped inside.

Will's breath hitches as he pauses to open it. He rips it open to find a new passport with a different name on it but Will's picture. There was a plane ticket to England, also a cruise ship ticket to Italy, as well as a stack of bearer bonds.

Will sits on his armchair with his elbows on his knees, hands clasped together in supplication with the tips touching his mouth. Did Hannibal do this? Will has a feeling omega Will had secured the passport and plane ticket. He feels like Hannibal provided the ticket to Italy and the bonds. He sits back in the chair worrying his bottom lip. The empath knows where Hannibal is and has means to find him. Does he want to? He told Chilton and Jack he let him go. Can he? Should he?

Will considers his life. If he doesn't go will he be alone forever? Does he care? He doesn't need the man. He can live out his life with never seeing the older man. Will could date or marry or live alone. He would make it without Hannibal. The elusive question was does he want to?

Solitude doesn't bother Will but loneliness does. Most of the pack was adopted out when he was in the hospital. If he leaves he'll have to do it quickly and discreetly so Jack doesn't follow him. He could rent out the property or give it away to a charity.

He pauses in his daydream planning session. Could this be a trap from Lecter? No he doesn't think so, Hannibal could have easily killed him at anytime. He vaguely remember his conversation with the Omega Will, he did say the doctor cared.

The empath still references that particular memory. He wonders if it was all a dream, the whole experience. It seems like a fairy tale complete with deception, monsters, rescue, a life lesson learned and loved found then lost.

Could he change this tale? Instead of a warning for children to be obedient to your parents or suffer the consequences. This could be a new story. A tale of two broken individuals putting themselves back together so they could enjoy the best in themselves while overlooking the worst. Chagrined, Will smiles to himself. He gets up. He knows what he is going to do. He has always known what he was going to do even when he doubted himself. Will goes upstairs and pulls out his suitcase.

He hears Hannibal's voice. "Once upon a time..."

Chapter End Notes

Remember..more to come..there is more...also a a chance for an alternate ending....

find me on tumbler https://www.tumblr.com/blog/dandelionwishes70

Fairy Tale Ending

Chapter Notes

> Okay guys the beginning of the bitter sweet end. I appreciate all the support and interest in this crazy first story of mine. All the comments and kudos have really helped drive this to completion. I took in all comments for ending into consideration, hope you find it satisfying at least.
>
> Enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will arrives in Florence and exits the boat with a crowd of people. He has grown his beard out to help cover his true identity. He removes his sunglasses and looks around for some kind of taxi service. As he looks around he thinks he sees her. A flash of pink dress, long brunette hair and a soft voice infiltrates his consciousness. Will moves in the direction of the flash. He knows it must be a hallucination or a trick of fatigue because Abigail is dead.

You can take the boy out of the FBI but the investigator remains. He pursues the girl. Will is jostled in the crowd turning in a three hundred and sixty degree arc. Nothing. He doesn't see any more flashes or hear her voice. He stops and removes his hat brushing the sweat from his brow.

"Hey Pop! Glad you made it home!" He hears her voice behind him. He turns slowly around, his eyes widen in recognition.

"Abigail?" He says lowering his hat to his side.

She giggles pushing herself up from sandal toes in a pink sundress. She beams at him and her eyes sparkle as she opens her arms. Abigail engulfs Will in a heartfelt hug of a daughter reuniting with a parent. Will slowly raises his arms to hold her back. Suddenly his arms are squeezing her as his eyes mist. He presses her close as his hat falls to the ground.

"Abigail! How?" He chokes out. "Your hat Pop!"

"Forget the fucking hat! How?" he looks at her.

Abigail bends and picks up the linen colored straw fedora. It has luckily remained un-trampled. She smiles and takes the small leather carry case Will is holding and starts to walk away.

"Well... come on. I'll tell you on the way." She says looking over her shoulder at the shocked man.

Will grabs his large suitcase as he runs to catch up with Abigail. She walks to a taxicab that is parked waiting for them at the curb. The cab driver takes the luggage stowing it all into the trunk. He and Abigail enter the cab. She gives a destination in Italian. She then looks at Will.

"I am taking you to our apartment. Then we are going to change and hear Papa's lecture on medieval torture devices. He is a curator. You do have a suit right? If not I am to take you shopping."

"Curator, New job and title. Sounds like Papa hasn't sacrificed any luxury." Will looks sidelong at Abigail.

"He wouldn't be Papa if he lived as though he was a fugitive, now would he?"Abigail gives him a toothy smile.

"How long have you've been waiting for my arrival?"

"Months! I came whenever there was a cruise ship set to dock. "She laughs.

"I would have called if I knew your number."

"That's okay. Now that you are here I can stop and Papa will feel happier."

"And you?" Will looks at Abigail. He opens himself up to her and feels some reservation, but a strong current of happiness.

"You know… why do you even ask?"

"It would be rude not too."

"Well we know how Papa feels about that, don't we? Hey! We are here already."

Abigail pays the driver as Will grabs his luggage out of the trunk. She helps him as they walk up to his new home. It is ostentatious as Hannibal is but it feels more like a home than his one in Baltimore. Hannibal was back in his element. His beginning.

After Will freshens up, they grab a quick bite to eat. Abigail looks through Will's clothes and decides they are hideous. He frowns, arguing the clothes are fine as well as his suit. His daughter insists they are shopping and will brook no argument. He laughs as he tells her she has become bossy as she has gotten older. She demurely agrees and explains that Papa had put her in change of Will until he acclimates to his new environment. Will knows it's a cautionary step to make sure Jack does not follow. Will can't blame Hannibal, he was after all, trying to capture Hannibal before landing in the omegaverse... as he has come to call the other plane.

In the end he begrudgingly follows his daughter out into Florence for an impromptu shopping trip. As they walk from shop to shop, Abigail tells Will of Hannibal's plan. How he kept her hidden and alive as well as preparing her to live abroad. Hannibal was waiting for the right moment to reveal his gift. Will scoffs as he asks if Hannibal still has the taste for the dramatic.

His daughter laughs as she explains it has lessened since their incognito status. Hannibal doesn't hide in private now. He hasn't hidden from her in more than a year. It will be refreshing to watch him be himself with Will. The ex agent wonders if he can be unreserved with the serial killer now. They finish their trip and have lunch. The couple meanders back to the apartment to change.

Later Will and Abigail take their seats for Dr. Roman Fell's talk. Hannibal sees Will and Abigail. He smiles broadly then begins his lecture. Afterwards when everyone has spoken to Hannibal, he is free to come over to his family.

Will smiles and puts out his hand to shake Hannibal's hand. He grabs Will hugging him tightly stepping back to place a quick peck on his lips. Will freezes and his breath hitches into a hiccup at his surprise. The new curator looks over his husband's suit and smiles pleased. Abigail has done an impeccable job dressing him. She has taken to European fashion and manners like duck to water.

"What was that!" Abigail laughs looking at her adoptive parents.

"I think a surprise response to my greeting." Hannibal chuckles as Will turns scarlet. Hannibal still hasn't moved away from the embrace, neither has Will. Surprising since a small crowd is still watching their reunion. They are curious, everyone knew that Dr. Fell had a spouse but no one has seen him.

"Oh Dr. Fell. Who is this handsome man with you today?" Asks a female patron.

"You know our daughter Abby here but you have not had the pleasure of meeting my partner and Abby's other father..." Hannibal looks expectantly.

"Have you mixed me up with one of your other lovers?" Quips Will. He smoothly turns to the lady "Bill Grady." Will smiles at Hannibal's reaction to his new name. Something the omega Will had arranged. The omega used their middle name as a last name, taking his first name from an old nickname his father used. The ex agent was called Billy until he went to college where he lost that particular name and the accent with it. Maybe he should let his accent return as well.

Hannibal is finally able to extract the little entourage into the street, walking toward the apartment.

"Bill Grady?" Hannibal looks at Will.

"Grady is my middle name. A family name that serves well as a last name and Bill…"

"Comes from William. Interesting choice."

"Not mine but the other Will's."

"Yes… a conversation for a later time I suppose."

Will smiles in agreement as Abigail begins chatting about dinner plans and the lecture. Will and Hannibal's steps fall in time for once in their strange relationship. The pace is slow and lazy. A new phase of their relationship, comfortable in their understanding that they need each other, co-dependency fostered by each other. Over looking the worst to enjoy the best in each other is probably what love is really all about.

Chapter End Notes

prompts taken https://www.tumblr.com/blog/dandelionwishes70

Back to Wonderland

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Omega Will slowly climbs the stairs out of Hannibal's basement. Hannibal has escaped for the moment. Will clenches his hand around a scalpel. He looks around the corner listening for any movement. He hears a murmuring coming from upstairs. The omega softly steps on the stairs as he ascends to the top he looks up. His eyes never wavering as he approaches the dark hallway. A light comes from a bedroom door. Will hears the snuffling of an animal. Hairs rise on his arms and neck. He slowly, carefully pushes the door open.

The alpha stands by a crib holding a bundle of blankets. Will sees a chubby hand fist and spin with a small wail. Hannibal makes quiet shushing sounds. He gently bounces the bundle. Will stands there, scalpel forgotten. He knows the baby is his. Hannibal looks and smiles at him.

"Are you done with your hobby tonight?" He tilts his head at the omega frowning.

"William, how many times must I ask you to leave the tools downstairs? There will be blood everywhere." Will looks down at the scalp and swallows.

"Sorry." He places the scalpel on a table near the door. I thought I heard something."

He looks at the baby walking forward. Hannibal moves the bundle away from him.

"You need a bath, dearest, before nursing. I'll sooth him until you are ready." He smiles a Will affectionately. The omega nods numbly as he walks to the bathroom.

He steps to a huge claw foot tub, turning the faucet to let the water start. Steam rises as the omega undresses, he hears the snuffles and murmurs from the other room. Will slides his foot into the bath water hissing at the temperature. He slides down the back totally immersing himself beneath the water. A swirl of crimson pools around him floating to the surface. A sense of peace washes over him as his looks up watching tiny ripples form. He goes to push

himself out of the water but he can't. He forces his hands to the surface but feels a barrier beneath his fingertips. He begins to panic as the air starts to burn his lungs. Will thrashes and kicks as he struggles to break the barrier to resurface. It all goes back before...

Will sits up in bed struggling to catch his breath. His hands goes to his stomach, It feels flat. He feels a bandage at his abdomen. Will lifts up the covers and then pulls up his hospital gown. He pulls off the bandages to see a thin red scar below his navel. It is tender to the touch. The omega looks around the hospital room. It painted in a soft yellow and cream. There are some wilted roses on the bedside table and other flower arrangements around the room. Will sees balloons in the shape of a baby carriage, baby bottles with congratulations written across them. It takes Will a moment to realize he is back in his world, in an omega ward at a hospital. He has returned from the other place. He feels engulfed by all the old hormones rushing in his veins. In the other reality, he had grown familiar with not being a slave to his omega hormones and his empathy. It had advantages. The overwhelming fear that is enhanced with fluxes of hormones smothered in imagination was lessened. The void as he had come to call it, bothered him at first but now after experiencing the return from the void. He may miss that small emotional luxury.

Will feels a sob bubble to the surface realizing there is no one there with him. No mate, no pup, not even a nurse is there. He presses the nurse call light as he puts his hand over his mouth to stifle the cry of distress trying to escape. Tears flow down his cheeks as a nurse enters the door. She looks at him with sympathy.

Hannibal rushes to Will's hospital room when he receives the call, his omega has finally woken up from his coma. He opens the door to find Will holding their pup in his arms. Their pup had to be delivered early due to Will's deteriorating health. After Hannibal killed Tobias Budge for his audacity to kidnap his mate, he then killed Hobbs and Miggs for being there. He spared Abigail because she had went to help Will after his fall. She had called the first responders to the scene. Abigail and Matthew Brown escaped from the police through the woods. Hannibal decided that looking after Will was far more important than hunting Matthew down for being an accomplice in the kidnapping.

The unconscious omega was admitted to the hospital where the pregnancy was confirmed. Hannibal visited Will's room everyday monitoring his condition as well as their pup’s health. The omega's health was declining from the stress of the baby. Hannibal agreed to an emergency c-section to save his mate and their pup. Their son has been in the NICU for two months now. He has grown strong despite his early arrival. The doctors had been discussing the possibility of discharging baby Lecter.

Their son has soft infant blue eyes and a shock of brunette hair with a curl. He is perfect, as the alpha knew he would not be anything less. Hannibal had decided to wait until Will woke up, so they could name the baby together. Hannibal has sat by his bed reading to him and encouraging him to come back from his mind. It seems to Hannibal, his stubborn omega has finally obeyed him.

Will is looking at their child with tears that are hanging onto dark lashes. He has pulled out his son's hands and feet to count fingers and toes. They wiggle and jerk as the baby tries to control his limbs. Will is speaking softly to the pup, as he strokes the lock of chocolate curl.

"I see I have been replaced." Hannibal says as he walks slowly and quietly near the bed. He knows walking up on an omega with a new pup can be fatal to an alpha even a father alpha.

Will looks at Hannibal, then smiles looking down at his pup "Unquestionably you have been replaced, but..."

"But?"

"You may try to win yourself back into favor once again. You have ingratiated yourself by waiting to name him. I appreciate that more than you know."

Hannibal smiles and lays a hand on the omega's neck with a soft touch.

"I thought it was only right that you name him. You did all the work."

Will scoffs "As usual." He smiles at Hannibal.

"You feel familiar even though I don't know you. But I guess the bond will help with that."

Hannibal looks at him contemplating what he should say. He wonders if he the man he met was really not from their reality. The things he said and did were so un-omegan. His belief

was so strong that he was not what he looked or smelt like. Or has this Will finally come to terms with what he is? Will acts and sounds like a normal omega. Hannibal decides to leave that conversation for later.

"Do you have an idea what you want to name him?"

"What is he?"

"An alpha"

"Of course he is!" Will laughs shaking his head.”

Then I will name him... Michael…we can call him Mischa for a nickname." The omega feels the joy radiate through his bond from the alpha. He thinks they are alike in so many ways, the two Hannibals. Will sits back against the raised bed, nuzzles and scents his baby. It feels wonderful to have a family.

Chapter End Notes

prompts taken https://www.tumblr.com/blog/dandelionwishes70

Epilogue -Omega Will

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Mischa keep your hands to yourself! Lucian! Put that hammer down! Boys if I have to raise my voice one more time we will not go to the beach today! If you can't mind me here, you won't mind me there!" Yells omega Will as he packs beach towels in a bag.

He huffs as he stomps into the kitchen where Hannibal is packing sandwiches into a picnic basket. The alpha's hair has grayed more along with the hair of his goatee. He now wears glasses to help him see. Will must admit he likes the professor look on him. The alpha is wearing conservative shorts with a polo top as well as flip-flops. A personal triumph for Will, who has been trying for years to get Hannibal to be a little more casual. It wasn't until their alpha daughter Rose laughed so hard she cried at him wearing sock and sandals. The boys, Michael an alpha and Henry an omega, were calling him Daddy Dink, until Will put a stop to it. Will was sure Hannibal really had no intention of actually to killing and eating their children but regardless; the omega feels he saved their lives that day.

"You could help you know!" Will stands grimacing at the alpha hands on hips.

Hannibal looks up over his glasses at his mate with the flush of annoyance on his skin. He smiles, he loves it when he looks the feral creature he is. His blue eyes glowing and his greying chocolate curls everywhere. It makes him want to mark him all over again. He usually looks that way after a kill or sex. Lately it has been after sex more.

He smiles "I am helping." He points to the basket.

"With making the boys mind Hannibal!" Will sounds exasperated. "It was your idea to take all the grand-pups to the beach by ourselves. You need to help me keep them in order."

"Have they brought Alana and Margot along yet?"

"No...You know Rose will be late for her own funeral." Will says as he opens the cooler, checking the contents.

"She gets that from your family." Hannibal looks pointedly at Will.

"Don't try to shirk your duties by changing the subject... old alpha!"

"That's not what you said last night old omega." Says Hannibal wrapping his arms around Will's waist and pulling him toward him. He places his teeth lightly over his bonding mark.

"Don't start anything you can't finish." Will smiles cutting his eyes back to his husband.

The alpha growls placing a kiss on Will's neck. Suddenly a blue-eyed curly haired omega boy runs into the kitchen and stops breathless.

"Lucian has a can of gasoline and is threatening to set Alana on fire because she was rude and late!" His eyes are as big as saucers.

Hannibal lets go of his husband sprinting out of the kitchen to the young alphas. Will put his arms around Mischa.

"Don't worry dear, Grandpa has everything under control. Wanna juice box?"

Chapter End Notes

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Epilogue -Our Will

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will reels in his fish from water at the little pier that he and Hannibal had rented for the winter in Spain. As the couple has grown long in the tooth, the winters are spent in warmer locations. Hannibal is still listed on wanted posters but he is no longer in the top ten or even the top fifty most wanted FBI list.

This at first had bothered Hannibal's ego. He had chosen to not be so showy in his kills anymore. Will had gently reminded him that this was a good thing. The couple could go to different locations and visit Abigail without worrying about police knocking down the door.

Will knew Hannibal still longed for the kill but as time has crept up on them, so has the effects of age. The ex profiler had, for a short interval of time hunted with Hannibal but he couldn't fathom doing it for a long period of time. He had no delight or appetite for it. Hannibal understood this and reluctantly only hunts around special holidays, when rudeness is at an all time high. Hannibal often asks for Abigail's assistance when she is available. They will not tell Will because he would be outraged. He still holds onto his ideals, one of which is Abigail's innocence.

At one time this bothered Abigail until she understood that this was a fundamental need for Will. For his and Hannibal's lasting relationship as well as his mental health. She let him have his belief over the years.

Will officially reached retirement age a couple years ago. So with careful investment, they had moved to a small port village for their golden years. Will opened a boat repair shop and Hannibal gives private cooking lessons. Abigail decided to attend university in Paris and London. She became a market analyst and investor. Her husband Mike, a criminal defense lawyer shared her and Will's passion for the outdoors. Mike also hunts with Abigail when he can. Will doesn't speculate about how much Mike knows. The ex agent suspects he knows a lot and over looks plenty.

Will puts his fish in the cooler and looks at Hannibal stretched out in a lounge chair. He has a hat covering his face and a book laid across his chest. He is snoring lightly that ends with a snort. Will stifles a chuckle because in his husband's words *he does not or will ever snore or snort... that was final* .

Will lays his hand gently on Hannibal's shoulder removing the straw fedora hat. He places it on his head; He smiles as he gently shakes his husband whispering "Hey sleepy head. I am done, we can go home."

Hannibal opened one eye. "You stole my hat."

"Want it back?"

"No you have always looked better in it than I." Hannibal holds out his hand. "Help an old man up."

Will smiles pulling Hannibal up onto his feet. They gather their things and walk slowly up the gentle slope of a hill toward their dwelling. Hannibal breaks a sweat as he carries his chair and book.

"You know if you didn't' bring all that shit with you going back home would be easier on you." Will cocks an eyebrow as he reaches for the chair holding the cooler with the other. Hannibal moves away from Will's hand looking resolutely toward the house.

"This shit, as you call it, is necessary for my comfort and I can carry it just fine. Some of us don't have your taste for a Spartan lifestyle." He looks at Will. Will feels like Hannibal wants to stick his tongue out at him. He laughs.

"Well no one would ever accuse you of being a Spartan type that is for sure. The older the dog the harder to change." He looks slyly at Hannibal enjoying the look of non-amusement at his husband's ribbing.

"You are so lucky I only marked you and not served you as an entree."

"I could argue I would have been better off as an entree." Will laughs loud as Hannibal sets his chair down at the door and points a lean finger at him.

"It can be still arranged." The killer growls.

"You would miss me when I was gone." Will leans in for a kiss.

Hannibal leans into the kiss, then he says "I would miss you if you were gone, yes."

Chapter End Notes

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